

LYDIA,
OR
FILIAL PIETY.
A
NOVEL.

By the AUTHOR of
The MARRIAGE-ACT, a NOVEL.
AND
LETTERS on the *English* Nation.

Virtutis est domare quæ cuncti pavent.

SENEC.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N:

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LYDIA.

CHAP. LXVI.

The Effects of a Dream on Mrs. Fairchild. Her Distress. The Affection of Frank, late Servant to Lord Flimsy, for Lydia. Further Illustrations on Humanity, in the Behaviour of Mrs. Clinch.



LYDIA had not left the Abode of Wretchedness but a small Time, when her Mother waked from a sweeter Sleep than she had long tasted; in which she had been visited by a pleasing Dream, that had made vast Impression on her Soul, and left a placid State of Mind, to which she had

VOL. III. B been

been long a Stranger. She dreamt she was a Bird; that, after having been long sick, her old Feathers suddenly fell off, and new ones, of the finest Colours, coming in their Place, she was instantly restored to Gaiety and Happiness. " Good Heavens! she said " in waking, can such shadowy Consider-
 " ations influence the human Soul to this
 " Degree? Can Eyes that close in real
 " Wretchedness wake in seeming Com-
 " fort from a Dream! What is this
 " Power which has thus changed me?"

SHE then call'd *Lydia*, without receiving any Answer; when imagining Sleep had stolen upon her Eye-lids also in the Chair, she got up with much Difficulty from the Bed, and not finding her in the Room, and seeing a Piece of Paper on the Table, she walked feebly to it; when taking this baneful Scroll in her Hand, she read what it contain'd.

WHAT Pen or Tongue shall presume to paint the Horror of this fond Woman's Mind. No Tear found its Way, no Sound had Utterance; the icy Breath of Sorrow in Excess had frozen up the Current of her Soul, and denied her Anguish all Power of Passage, save in her Looks alone; where more than Despair was sculptur'd. Age
 and

and Feebleness, Piety and Virtue, the Mother and the Friend, bequeathed a mixt Expression of insuperable Grief. At length Tears found their happy Exit; she beat her Bosom, and trembling exclaim'd, "Oh
 " miserable Mother that I am! thy Daugh-
 " ter dies the Victim of thy Distress;" then silent she sunk into the Chair, bewailing her sad Condition. "I come, I follow
 " thee, my darling Child, receive me Hea-
 " ven, have Mercy on my Soul," she cried aloud. When with her trembling Hand seizing a Knife which lay before her, she was sinking on her Knees to address the supreme Being, and finish her Distress and Life together.

At this Instant *Frank*, who had been my Lord *Flimsy's* Valet, and in constant Search of Miss *Fairchild*, instigated by Love, the Desire of giving Peace, and restoring the Character of that Being, which was the Object of the sincerest Passion, and dearer to him than his Soul, knocked at the Chamber-door. This withheld the Hand of the most miserable of human Beings from the rash Act of Suicide.

It seems this Man, visiting the Maid-servant who was left at Lady *Flimsy's* Town-house, had been that Day acquainted with

the Abode of *Lydia*; the Moment he knew where she resided, tho' he came with Design to have tarried and drank Tea, he feigned an Excuse for leaving the House instantly. Love, ever fertile in Expedients, suggested him numberless Pretexts, and urged his Bosom too vehemently, to suffer a Moment's Quietude or Delay: His Feet seemed to him to stand still in the Streets, tho' he walked with the utmost Speed, so ardent were his Wishes: Every thing but Flying was short of his Desire to be present with her he adored, and some inspiring Power at that Moment seemed to urge him to the Abode of *Lydia Fairchild*.

THIS then had brought him to *Lydia's* Door; and at the Sound Mrs. *Fairchild* rising from her Knees, with a feeble dying Voice, bid him enter.

As his Soul had been greatly agitated with the Hopes of seeing *Lydia*, that Expression was strongly marked upon his Countenance; this Mrs. *Fairchild* observing, and her present Distress turning it to a different Expression, she cried out "Oh Sir! I know you come to tell me she is dead, I see it in your Countenance, — my *Lydia's* dead, — behold this Paper, in which I am told she's dead, — behold
" the

“ the miserable Mother of that Daughter.”
 “ Dead ! says *Frank*, Heaven forbid it,
 “ Madam.” At these Words he burst into
 Tears, and the Mother swooned into the
 Chair.

STRIKING as this Object of the venerable
 old Woman appeared to his Eyes, yet Love
 for *Lydia* prevailed over Humanity for one
 Instant: He read the Paper, when beating
 his Bosom, he stamped on the Floor in
 mere Despair, crying out, “ Good Heaven,
 “ is it thus that you protect the Innocent
 “ and Virtuous !” He was going on in
 this Exclamation, when Mrs. *Clinch*, a-
 larmed by his Stamping, came into the
 Room, with a Face of no very pleasing
 Expression. “ What’s the Matter now, says
 “ she? what do you intend beating People’s
 “ Houses down about their Ears ?”

“ Oh Madam, says *Frank*, behold that
 “ Woman; her virtuous Daughter, not able
 “ to bear their present Distress, is gone to
 “ finish her unhappy Days, as this Paper
 “ informs me.”

“ AND to leave her old Mother upon my
 “ Hands, I suppose, hey ! Is she? She is a fine
 “ Wench indeed ! First run in Debt for her
 “ Lodgings, and then kill herself because

“ she will not pay my honest Demands.—Is
 “ this her Virtue?—She might have main-
 “ tained her Mother like a Lady.—Mrs.
 “ D——s would have put her in a way
 “ to have maintained her, but her Pride
 “ would not permit her to comply, for-
 “ sooth! Her Mother must starve because
 “ she would not lose her Maidenhead. A
 “ fine Duty indeed!”

DURING this time *Frank*, who was em-
 ploy’d in recovering Mrs. *Fairchild*, had not
 attended to the Harangue that Mrs. *Clinch*
 was making, till summoned by the Word
 D——s, he asked with some Vehemence,
 if she dared to say *Lydia* was a W—e?

“ No, says Mrs. *Clinch*, I don’t say she
 “ is, but I say it is better she was; because
 “ then she might have prevented this,
 “ maintained her Mother, and lived like a
 “ great many other Girls. There’s *Bet—*
 “ and *Sally*—who dress as fine as Queens,
 “ and live as well as any Ladies in the
 “ Land, are not they W——s?”

“ AND would you have *Lydia Fairchild*
 “ be a W——e? says *Frank*, leaving the
 “ Mother, and stepping up to the Face of
 “ Mrs. *Clinch*,”

“ YES,

“YES,” replied this sweet Woman,
“better than she are, every Day.”

“BETTER than *Lydia Fairchild*,” replied *Frank*, scarce keeping his Hands from her, though a Woman, “you Creature!”

“ME a Creature, Fellow! I’ll have you
“to know I scorn your Words; I am no
“Creature, but an honest Woman, and
“keep an honest House, and will not be
“cheated by any *Lydia Fairchild* alive;
“therefore the old Woman shall troop to-
“day into the Streets; they owe me for
“three Months Lodging.—I have a Fa-
“mily of my own that must be main-
“tained, and Times are hard, and Rent
“must be paid, and Money is scarce.”

“WHAT is the Money,” says *Frank*,

“THIRTY Shillings,” answers *Mrs. Clinch*.

“HARD hearted Brute,” says the Valet,
“What! expose old Age to the Street for
“thirty Shillings: I’ll pay you that Sum.
“—Be gone, leave the Room:” which
she obeyed, insensible to *Mrs. Fairchild*’s

Misery ; muttering that she would have her Money.

AT this Moment the poor old Woman recovering a little from her Swoon, with a deep Sigh, and looking in *Frank's* Face, with streaming Eyes, said, " tell me, Sir, " where did my *Lydia* expire ; tell me, I " implore you.

" OH Madam !" says *Frank*, " I am " till now unacquainted with her Distress, " otherwise I should have long since flown " to her Relief, and work'd these Hands " to death for her Service, the loveliest of " Women.—Oh Madam ! you know not " how much I love your Daughter—will " you be patient till I fly to seek her ; per- " haps she may be wandered to the Canal " in *St. James's-Park*—I may yet prevent " her—be at peace till I return I intreat " you ; I will seek her, and support you " for her Sake during Life—will you be " at ease till my return ? "

Mrs. Fairchild promised she would exert every Power to compose herself during that time ; and *Frank* left her with the utmost Speed, to prevent, if possible, the fatal Resolution of all he loved, the charming *Lydia Fairchild*.

C H A P. LXVII.

Lydia's Chastity once more attacked. She is discovered by the Earl of Liberal in the Park. Strange and different Agitations in two Bosoms from the same Cause. The Mother's Joy at Lydia's Return; and Earl Liberal's Passion rapturously acknowledged. Honest Frank, transported at Lydia's being alive, causes some momentary Disquietude in three Hearts.

DURING this time *Lydia*, being seated on a Bench in the *Park*, was accosted by one of those Lechers, whom Impotence and Age have not cured of hankering after that, which, at the best, can scarce be pardoned in the Fire of Youth and Vigour. One of those Veterans, whose earlier Life had been spent in debauching Innocence, Virtue, Youth and Beauty, to his perjured Embraces; and whose old Age was daily past in mumbling that Food he had not Teeth to divide; one of those, whose delicate Delight is, with infinite Lasciviousness to comb the auburn, brown or black Locks of dishevel'd Beauty, and debauch the Minds of those whose Bodies he cannot enjoy.

THIS Gentleman casting his lascivious Eyes on *Lydia*, who sat solitary on the Bench, suggested from her being alone, and her Dress, which, tho' clean, spoke Want, that she might be tempted; instigated there-to by her Face, which, like a *Magdalen* from the Hands of *Guido*, was rather the Remains of Beauty exhausted by Distress, than that Charm in full Power; he therefore placed himself by her Side, and began some vague and distant Conversation, till, at length, he asked if she would retire with him to a Tavern; adding, that he would give her that Money, which he shewed her in his Purse.

INCENSED at this Outrage, "Detested Wretch," she said, "do you imagine that Distress and Virtue are incompatible Inmates of the same Bosom? will Vice be the only Companion which shall attend your Footsteps crawling to the Grave?" When rising she left him with Indignation; and the old Fellow, a little stung with internal Conviction, called her sawcy Slut.

"THIS World is no longer a Place for Virtue," she said, and then determined
to

to walk directly to the Canal, and finish her miserable Life: When moving slowly up the Avenue, who should meet her Eyes but Mr. *Probit*, now Earl of *Liberal* alone, coming down towards her. Her Bosom flutter'd like the Sparrow surpris'd at the Return of his Mate, which he deplored as lost; her Legs were sinking under her, her Soul was on the Wing; to prevent which, she stept on one Side, and repos'd herself on the Bench which was directly opposite.

SHE had seen the Earl, but he had not perceived her. His Head was declining forwards, his Eyes fixt on the Ground, lost in Thought and Anxiety; this prevented him from turning his Looks to the Side on which *Lydia* was seated.

THE Perplexity which this Meeting occasioned was excessive; it was impossible to decide whether she wished more to be observed, or not; before he past by, her Heart throbb'd exceedingly; she would have hung her Head, to have conceal'd her Face from him, and yet could not keep her Eyes from gazing on this interesting Object.

AT

AT length he past by her, without discovering who she was, or attending to any thing but his own Thoughts.

It was then the real Inclination of her Bosom was truly revealed; she wished he had discovered her, and dreaded lest he should not return. "But," says she sighing, "if he does, what Hopes have I, or what Influence over that Heart which is now totally estranged by Wealth and Title? Probably he is secluded for ever from my Arms, by being wedded to the happiest Woman upon Earth." This she softly pronounced, following him with her Eyes as he walked down the Alley, trembling lest he should not return, and yet hopeless if he did.

AT length he turned to take another Walk; this revived the Fluttering in her Bosom, and chained her to the Seat. Every Step he approached had a fresh Influence on her Heart; she feared to be seen, yet wished for it at the same Instant. As he came near, he cast his Eyes towards the Bench, where beholding a Face he knew, yet could not immediately recollect, he stepped on one Side, and sat down by her.

It

IT was then he first discovered that this Female was the lovely *Lydia Fairchild*; he surveyed her Dress, and wan Countenance, and suggested ten thousand Causes for these Appearances, which at last ended in the common one, that she was now become an abandoned Prostitute; the Place, being alone, and every other Appearance giving Countenance to this Belief.

SHE, all confused, would have deserted the Seat, but had not Powers sufficient to enable her.

THE Earl, even to that Moment, had been in constant Search of this lovely Maid, his Bosom had foster'd his former Passion in full Ardour; and even at the Instant of his walking he was bewailing his unhappy Fate, which had denied him the Bliss of Discovering his lovely *Lydia*. "Is she no more?" he said, "my Heart tells me she is no more." At this Appearance of his Beloved, his Bosom was strangely agitated, he wish'd to find she was yet innocent, yet dreaded to enquire; indeed he was almost convinced to the contrary from what he remarked.

PRETENDING therefore not to know who she was, he began a Conversation, which, tho' on the most trifling Subject, was attended with such Hesitation and Difficulty, as sufficiently witnessed the Sensation of his Heart.

SHE answered with no less Embarrassment and Distress.

HE asked "if the Evening was not fine," and she answered "yes," with more Perplexity than the Guilty reply to Questions of Life and Death. Being determined to prove whether *Lydia* was yet the same pure uncontaminated Creature he left her; he continued the Conversation, still disguising his knowing who she was, and she supported it in the same Manner.

HAVING talked in this Way some little Time, his Lordship asked "if she would accompany him to his Lodgings, and sup with him?" It was with Trepidation he asked this Request, and with much Reluctance *Lydia* could refrain from resenting the Question; however she answered, "that she had never yet supp'd with any Gentleman at his Lodgings." "At a Tavern then, Madam?" says the Earl. "That I think

“ think Sir is even worse, for which Reason I shall less likely comply with your Proposition.” These Answers re-called his Thoughts something in her Favour. “ Will you permit me, Miss,” says the Earl, “ to wait upon you to your Abode?”

THIS Question suggested the Thought of making herself known to him, and placing her Wretchedness in full View, she imagined the striking Circumstances of her Story, a dead Parent, and her other Calamities, might influence his Bosom in her Favour, when the thought returning strongly, that probably her Mother might not yet be expired, she told him, “ that she would permit him to wait on her home, if he pleased.”

THEY then left the Seat together, and passing, each silent from deep Concern, thro’ St. James’s Palace, his Lordship put her into a Chair, when *Lydia* directing the Chairman where to go, my Lord bade him to follow her’s; in this Manner they arrived at *Lydia*’s Lodging, with Bosoms differently agitated; *Lydia* trembling for the Event, his Lordship fearing he should discover that she was totally undone; and believing his Apparel so different from what she had seen him in, had concealed him from

from her Knowledge, and created this Behaviour in her.

YET he could not intirely reconcile the present Dress of *Lydia*, and her refusing to sup with him, with her being a Prostitute; his Heart, that faithful Advocate, was strongly pleading her Justification: He thought it impossible that so much Beauty could so suddenly be reduced to so wretched a Situation, as her Apparel and Countenance expressed; yet as he could fix on no satisfactory Idea to explain this Appearance, and had infinite Reluctance in believing her undone, he past the Moments in Anxiety and Suspence during his being carried to her Abode.

AT length the Chairs stopt, and *Lydia* flew from her's to the Chamber of her Mother, followed by the Earl.

AT opening the Door, Mrs. *Fairchild* lifting her Head, exclaimed, "My Child! art thou still in being?" when *Lydia* rushing to her Parent's Embrace, she again fainted away.

THE striking Appearances of Wretchedness in this Chamber had great Influence on the Heart of the Earl; he instantly
took

took from his Pocket a smelling Bottle, which *Lydia* applied to her Mother's Nose, the Earl assisting her to recover her Parent from Swooning.

"My Child," says Mrs. *Fairchild*, embracing *Lydia*, in a trembling Voice, "do
 " I hold thee in these Arms once more!
 " Blessed be the Will of Heaven that has
 " thus withheld thy Hands from Suicide,
 " and restored thee to my aged Arms.
 " Did you imagine me departed, that you
 " determined on this Violence? Oh! what
 " Distraction has that Paper given thy
 " poor Parent's Heart?"

THESE Words sounded like the Voice of Death in the Ears of Lord *Liberal*; when taking up the Paper he read what *Lydia* had left behind her. Unable to resist a Moment longer from declaring that his Bosom was still fraught with sincerest Passion, he caught her in his Arms, "My
 " Life, my *Lydia*, my Soul's Ambition, I
 " am *Probit*, whom you knew on board
 " the *****, who loved you then, who
 " loves you now to Distraction; Change
 " of Fortune has influenced nothing on
 " this Heart, which beats for you alone,
 " my Wife, my *Lydia*!"

THESE

THESE Words drew the Attention of Mrs. Fairchild on the Earl; she had been hitherto totally inattentive to every thing but her Child; when looking on him, and hearing the word Wife, his Dress, and these Words were irreconcilable to her Imagination. *Lydia* blushed, and hung her Head in Silence for a Moment in her Bosom, her Heart dancing to the enchanting Sound of Wife.

“AM I yet dear to you, my Lord?” she said, with a Face of infinite Sweetness, her Eyes shining with Tears: “Does the wretched *Lydia Fairchild* yet find an Interest in your Heart, dearer than Safety to the shipwreck’d Mariner?” Says the Earl, pressing her Bosom to his, and his Lips to her’s, “you possess my whole Soul.” Even the Arms of *Lydia* stealing softly round the Earl in this Embrace, she then said, “but did you not follow me, suspecting my Virtue? tell me now, did you not indeed?” “I did,” replied the Earl. “I wonder not,” says *Lydia*, “at your Suspicion;” “what then has changed your Sentiments, or at least confirmed you that I am not yet abandoned, but worthy your Esteem?”

“THIS

“ THIS Wretchedness about you, this
“ Resolution of Death, this paternal Fond-
“ ness, and filial Piety, this Paper,” says
the Earl, “ convince me, that *Lydia Fair-*
“ *child* is still the virtuous Maid my Soul
“ first knew her; had you deserted that,
“ your Beauty would have supplied you
“ wherewithal to live in Affluence, what-
“ ever your Bosom must have suffered from
“ the dreadful Situation. My Wife! my
“ Soul!” he uttered in Extacy, again
clasping her in his Arms. “ Generous
“ Man,” she replied, almost returning his
Embrace, with equal Force, each gazing in
Tears and Silence on the other, the vene-
rable Mother not knowing what to con-
clude from this Appearance, so much like
Fairy-land and Vision, for she had never
heard from *Lydia’s* Lips one Syllable of
her Passion for the Earl.

At length she cried, “ Sir, are you
“ some Angel come to our Deliverance, to
“ save my *Lydia* from starving, to shield
“ that Daughter, that best of human Be-
“ ings, from Destruction? Welcome Death,
“ let me now die in Peace, lest that
“ Wretchedness, which has ever been the
“ Companion of my Life, still follow and
“ contaminate your Bliss. Is she, Sir, your
“ Wife?”

“ Wife? is *Lydia Fairchild* wedded to your
“ Arms?”

“ YEs, Madam,” says the Earl, “ by
“ all the Vows of Tenderneſs and Truth,
“ which nothing ſhall divide or make me
“ violate : She is my Wife.” “ Happy
“ Hour !” ſays the Mother. “ The riſing
“ Sun ſhall behold that Ceremony which
“ unites me for ever her’s,” continued the
Earl.

LYDIA heard theſe Words with the ut-
moſt Senſibility and Joy ; her Hand
graspt faſt by his, their Eyes meeting in
Beams of Ecſtacy, that ſhone through Tears
of Love ; “ my Lord,” ſhe cry’d, “ tho’
“ I freely own with Rapture, I hear this
“ Reſolution ; yet many Things have in-
“ tervened ſince I ſaw you, which have
“ ſullied my Reputation ; theſe muſt be
“ all cleared off ; the Miſt, which hangs
“ upon the Character of her you Love,
“ muſt be driven away ; all ſhall be bright
“ and becoming the Woman, who is to
“ be bleſſed in your Embrace ; your Wife
“ ſhall be clear as the Morning Ray, from
“ all Stain and Suſpicion ; and though my
“ Heart is pure as Virgin Snow, and even
“ Diſtraction may be the Conſequence of
“ this Reſolution, Proof of this Innocence
“ ſhall

“ shall be obtained before I dare to give
 “ myself, wretched as I appear, to your
 “ Arms, the best of Men.”

THE Earl then asked her “ what could
 “ be sufficient Reason to delay his Blifs ? I
 “ am satisfied, that you are Virtue itself,
 “ my lovely *Lydia*, your Passion pleads
 “ my Cause.” “ My Lord,” says she,
 “ but Reason too shall confirm it; then,
 “ —then,”—she said, beholding his Lord-
 ship with ineffable Tenderness. “ Tell me
 all,” he cry’d again, taking her to his Bosom.

LYDIA then began, and was proceeding
 in the Story of her Treatment by the Vis-
 count *Flimsy*; at which time, *Frank*, who
 had been searching her, was returned to
 the Chamber; who hearing her Voice with-
 in, animated with this Sound, opened
 the Door, and rushed in to *Lydia*; when
 falling on his Knees, he caught her Hand
 and prest it to his Lips, “ are you yet
 “ alive? why did you terrify my Soul in
 “ this Manner? why urge your Mother
 “ to Distraction? why did not you tell me
 “ your Distress? my all should have been
 “ yours; these Hands have worked for
 “ your Support: Oh! *Lydia! Lydia!*
 “ dearest Maid,” he pronounced, bursting
 into Tears. The Earl seeing this, began
 to

to imagine, that *Frank* was his Rival, and probably that *Lydia's* Bosom had felt some Influence in Favour of him; Jealousy began to operate with all its Powers.

WHEN *Frank* rising at *Lydia's* bidding, and seeing the Earl, bow'd, and asked Ten thousand Pardons. She thanked him sincerely for his intended Goodness; "but," says she, "Mr. *Frank*, how could I imagine you had ever Thought of me?" "Oh! Miss," says *Frank*, "I have been dying with Desire to acquaint you, that the Diamonds, which that cursed Earl of *Flimsy*, my Master, that wicked Man, accused you with having stolen from his Lady, for which you were confined in Goal, were found in his Casquet at his Death; he had done this villainous Action to oblige you to his Will."

AT these Words the Earl trembled to the Soul.

"THOUGH your Virtue is not to be conquered by any Distress," added *Frank*, at which Words his Lordship was calmed from his Disquietude.

THE Story was then related to the Earl by *Frank*; and *Lydia*, cleared from that Imputation,

Imputation, when his Lordship rushing into her Arms, swore the next Day should unite them inseparably for ever; endear'd beyond expression by this Trial of her Virtue.

THIS poor *Frank* heard with Pain, and yet with Pleasure: He had fondly imagined that *Lydia's* Distress might plead in his Favour, and induce her to wed him; this Hope was vanish'd, yet his Soul was too honest not to rejoice in this Happiness, which attended all he loved; he had a Heart within his Bosom, which was filled with sentimental Passion, and would have become the Breast of Men behind whose Chairs he had frequently served, that harboured those of quite a different and inferior Nature.

“MAY you be happy,” he pronounced weeping, tho’ I.—He said no more, when the Earl looking first on *Lydia*, and then on *Frank*, the last suspecting by the Expression of his Lordship’s Face, what his Bosom entertained, cry’d out, “indeed, my Lord, I own I love Miss *Lydia* to Distraction, but till this Moment I have never uttered one Word which might have been construed to explain that Design: The Joy of finding her alive hurried-

“hurried me into this Excess; she was
 “ever too fair and too amiable, even for
 “my warmest Hopes: I knew myself and
 “her.”

This *Lydia* heard with Pleasure uttered
 by the Voice of Nature; the Earl himself
 received it with Delight.

“ALL I ask,” says *Frank*, “and yet I
 “fear to ask it, is to wait upon her, to
 “attend her Footsteps, and see that Face I
 “ever must adore and honour.”

“THIS you shall enjoy,” says the Earl.

“THEN I am happy,” answered *Frank*.

LYDIA herself thanked his Lordship for
 this Politeness.

THE Earl then turned to the old Lady,
 and saluted her by the Name of Mother;
 “Madam,” says he, “whatever your Suf-
 “ferings have been, here they end; all I
 “ask is, that you will have the Goodness
 “to present me this lovely Creature, this
 “Woman whom I have long loved, and
 “searched in vain since my Change of
 “Circumstances.”

“My

“ My Lord,” she answered, “ you have
“ her with all my Soul ; may Happiness
“ be yours.” He then caught her again to
his Arms, and cry’d, “ Now thou art mine,
“ and mine alone for ever.”

The Earl then turning to *Frank*, asked if
he was in Service ? To which, answering
in the Affirmative, his Lordship said, “ You
“ will leave your Master as becomes a
“ good Servant, and then you shall be
“ Lady *Liberal*’s.” *Frank* bowed with the
utmost Respect and Pleasure, and that
Evening determined to give his Master
Notice of his Intention to quit his Service
as soon as he could find a Servant to his
Liking.

“ But, *Lydia*,” says the Earl, “ you and
“ your Mother must instantly quit this
“ despicable Abode ; this Place of Wretch-
“ edness shall be no more your Compa-
“ nion.”

LYDIA told his Lordship she had many
more Imputations to be acquitted of, be-
fore she could consent to be his Wife ; all
which being related, his Lordship only
became more enthrall’d in Love by her

Virtues; he therefore determined to remove them both that Night from that House.

FRANK took his leave, and going down Stairs, paid Mrs. *Clinch* for the Lodgings, and left her with a thorough Detestation of her Behaviour.

LYDIA now acquainted my Lord with the long Distress of her Mother, and herself. The Earl weeping with Attention to the Face of *Lydia*, who was relating this Story: But when she came to that Part, which gave an Account of Mrs. *Clinch's* Behaviour, his Soul shiver'd with Horror and Resentment at the Idea of this Woman. "Call her hither," he said, "let her be paid. Let us instantly fly this detested Place, and this inhuman Woman." When being summoned, his Lordship beheld her with Horror; and asking her Bill; she answered, that she had been paid by the Gentleman, who was just gone; and withdrew immediately. This Action of *Frank's*, his Lordship remarked with Pleasure.

He then gave *Lydia* Money, and bad her prepare to leave the House in three Hours: "During which Time," says he, "I will provide an Apartment fit for the
" Reception

“ Reception of you, and your Mother, till
 “ To-morrow ; when I shall take you to
 “ my Arms, and place you in my own
 “ Abode ; the Abode of Happiness.”

He then took his leave, to wait upon her
 at the above Time.

C H A P. LXVIII.

*Lydia's Reflections on the approaching Change
 of her Condition. Mrs. Clinch repents of
 her Behaviour, from the same Motive
 which created the Offence. Mistaken in
 her Judgment. Lydia becomes Countess of
 Liberal.*

THE Earl being gone, *Lydia* embracing her Mother, cry'd out, “ Behold the Will of Heaven ! What Change
 “ has it produced in one Day ! From
 “ Starving to Affluence ; from Despair to
 “ Joy ; from Death to Life ! In all our
 “ Miseries, my Soul has oft presaged the
 “ coming Happiness.” She then gave her Mother a short Account of the Story of her Love, and her Reasons for concealing it from her ; and then left her to redeem those Things which she had pledged. During

ring this Time, the venerable Matron kneeling, addrested herself to Heaven, pouring forth her Prayers of Gratitude to the Author of her Being, for this manifest Interposition in their Favour.

LYDIA returning with their Apparel, dressed herself and her Mother with great Simplicity and elegant Neatness. The Flower of Beauty, refreshed by this friendly Shower, seemed re-animated; and lifting its Head, though feebly, spread abroad its Leaves with some increased Lustre.

It seems Mrs. *Clinch*, being greatly possessed with that Spirit, which in general is so little to be found in Women, an inquisitive Impertinence of Listening, and being acquainted with every one's Affairs, had, during the Time of the Earl of *Liberal's* being with *Lydia*, exercised that Talent with much Skill, and overheard what past in their Conversation.

HOWEVER, she was not so foolish a Woman to imagine an Earl would marry a poor Girl, who was in the utmost Necessity? No! no! She had cunningly conceived, that all this Wiseing and Matrimony of their Conversation, was only designed to disguise the real State of the Case, from

from the Mother ; and that this marrying was to terminate in *Lydia's* being kept by my Lord.

SHE therefore began to repent of her having treated *Lydia* in the Manner we have described. She knew that Kept-Mistresses, and their Keepers, pay dearer for every Thing, than other Lodgers ; a very prevalent Recommendation in her Opinion. And having received her Rent, she was now determined not to let an over-nice and squeamish Morality prevail over her Love of Gain ; and thus lose a Lodger, that might now probably be ten-times more lucrative than before.

SHE therefore, as soon as the Earl was gone, and Miss *Lydia* returned, went into Mrs. *Fairchild's* Chamber, and began with a “ Lord bless me, Madam ! To be sure
“ one would think that I have been mad
“ for some time past. To be sure Miss
“ *Lydia* must think so too. Or how could
“ I have behaved as I have to you ! To
“ be sure Passion is a great Sin ; and, the
“ Lord have Mercy upon me ! I am dread-
“ ful passionate. There the Cat broke
“ one of my best China Plates, last Mon-
“ day was Fort-night, the very Day I
“ was in such a Passion with you first,
“ Madam : And our *Mary*, the great lazy

“ Slut, burn’d one of my best Aprons in
 “ Ironing it: You may run your Fist
 “ through the Hole: That put me into
 “ a Passion the second Time. Lord knows
 “ my Heart, Madam, I should never
 “ have thought of behaving so, had it not
 “ been for these devilish Accidents: No-
 “ body knows how to behave better than
 “ I. Thank God, I was bred up to it from
 “ my Cradle. Sure I hope Miss you will
 “ not take it amiss. Methinks I should
 “ be loth to lose you; and little *Tommy*,
 “ I’ll warrant you, will half break his
 “ Heart with crying, if you should leave
 “ us. Poor Child!”

“ MADAM,” says *Lydia*, “ you need
 “ make no Apologies. I am satisfied: I
 “ look upon you as a Machine, in the
 “ Hands of Providence, which he has used
 “ to bring me to this happy Moment.

“ To be sure, Miss, you are in the right
 “ of it: I am in the Hands of Providence:
 “ And I am overjoy’d to do you any Ser-
 “ vice. There’s my best Apartment, she
 “ whisper’d to *Lydia*, now void; and then
 “ you may have it to yourself, and Mrs.
 “ *Fairchild* may lye here; and then when
 “ my Lord comes, you will be always
 “ ready to receive him: Old People must
 “ not

“ not know every Thing, you know,
“ Miss,” with a Leer and a Wink.

“ MADAM,” says *Lydia*, “ you are still
“ as much mistaken as ever ; this Earl I
“ believe incapable of that Baseness which
“ you suspect ; and believe me, I am not
“ returned from the Threshold of Death
“ thro’ fear of Dying, or to barter Virtue
“ in Distress, for Splendor in Infamy.
“ Your manner of Thinking is no stranger
“ to me ; therefore retire, and let me not
“ behold in you, what I detest in Wo-
“ man.”

AT these Words, Mrs. *Clinch*, finding herself still mistaken in her Suggestions, withdrew, muttering to herself.

THE Earl was now return’d with his Coach, and in it took Mrs. *Fairchild*, and his lovely *Lydia*, to an Apartment which he had provided ; where an elegant Repast was prepared for their Reception. During which, *Lydia* smiling on her Mother, said,
“ Madam, I have often told you Heaven
“ had Blessings yet in Store for you.”

“ AND for you too, my dearest *Lydia*,” said the Earl, looking fondly on her, taking her Hand, and pressing it to his Lips, “ if
C 4 “ my

“ my Fortune, and whole Life’s Attention
 “ can impart them to you.”

“ NOTHING but you can bequeath me
 “ that Felicity,” she answer’d. *Lydia* would
 have protracted the nuptial Day for a
 little while, but the Earl persisted in his
 Resolution. Accordingly, the succeeding
 Morning they were united in the willing
 Bands of Matrimony; the Sun seemed to
 rise with purer Lustre on this happy Day,
 pleased with beholding so perfect a Union
 of Hands and Hearts, in this amiable Pair
 of Lovers.

THE Ceremony of Marriage being fini-
 shed by the Divine, the Earl turned to his
Lydia, and caught her to his Bosom; she
 could no longer restrain her willing Arms,
 but throwing them around his Wast, pres-
 sed her rosy Lip with mutual Ardor to
 his. Her Soul, fill’d with Gratitude and
 Love, urging from her Breast, “ my Lord!
 “ my Husband!” “ My *Lydia*! my Wife!”
 replied the Earl. The Tumult of Joy, in
 each, prohibited every other Expression
 from escaping.

C H A P. LXIX.

In which Lady Betty Wrigle, and some of her Acquaintance, are introduced to the Reader's Acquaintance. An Exhibition of the true Spirit of that Dame, and many other Right Honourables. Her Speech and Disappointment. The last much alleviated by a Fib of Lord Flimsy's Sister.

NEXT Day the Papers declared,
 “ That Yesterday Miss *Lydia Fair-*
child was married to the Earl of *Liberal* ;
 “ a Lady of great Merit, Wit, Beauty
 “ and Family.”

THIS alarmed half the maiden Ladies of Nobility in *London* ; they could not conceive who this Female of Merit, Wit, Beauty and Family could be ; it seems they had all in turn made a dead Point at this young Earl, tho' unsuccessfully ; but most particularly *Lady Betty Wrigle* ; she had rallied him at Masquerades, ogled him at Plays, leer'd and curtesied to him at Operas, return'd to the Church which she had forsaken, to see the Earl, because he frequented it ; she had played in the same Party at Routs, talked of herself and her

good Temper at Cards, hinted that such Dispositions generally made good Wives, and had once desired his Lordship to rub her Back, beginning with a Smile, and she verily believed she was lousy all over ; it seems she had a fine Skin.

THIS Lady yet entertained Hopes, tho' he had never given her any Ground for them. She was justly more disturbed than any other Woman in *England*, to know who this *Lydia Fairchild* could be. A Milliner's Shop is an Office of Intelligence for Ladies ; and Mrs. *Makemode* it happened, was Lady *Betty's* Milliner. To this Woman she posted in her Chair, in an Undress, to learn if this intelligent Dame could give any Account of the new Countess of *Liberal*.

HAPPY for this noble Maiden, Mrs. *Makemode* could lay this inquisitive Spirit of Curiosity, and satisfy her Ladyship to great Perfection, by acquainting her that *Lydia* had been a Servant to Lady *Flimsy*, and accused of stealing her Diamonds, confined in a Prison for it, and since that time, not being able to get Service, had lived in a starving Condition with her Mother at one Mrs. *Clinch's* in ***** Lane.

READER,

READER, if you have ever seen a spend-thrift Heir at the opening a Letter which tells him of his avaritious Father's Decease, or my Lord *Bubblebet*, when *Slyboots* has won the Plate, such was the Transport of this right honourable Lady, at the Words which Mrs. *Makemode* uttered.

So pleased was she, that she bespoke several new Things which she had not the least Occasion for, and promised to recommend her more than ever; then taking Mrs. *Clinch's* Direction, hurried away to that tender-hearted Woman, to get yet farther Account of this new-married Lady.

ARRIVING at the above-named Mrs. *Clinch's*, she asked, "if she had Lodgings to let?" To which the Matron of the House answered, "yes," with a Curt'sy. Now it happened that Lady *Betty Wrigle* being drest in what the tuneful Part of the Streets of *London* have distinguished in their Songs by the polite Term of the *Niggledigée*; her Cap standing beyond her Eyes like a Coach-horse's Winkers, stuck close to her Cheeks like Paper on Paste board; her Hat, like my Lord Mayor's Barge, cock'd before and behind, with Streamers flowing down on one Side; was mistaken by this

Matron

Matron for a Woman of the Town; Mrs. *Clinch* not being endowed with the Power of distinguishing a Lady of Honor from a Lady of Pleasure, when both are drest exactly alike, and the Colour of the Blood cannot be seen thro' the Skin.

LADY *Betty* then asked, "if Miss *Fair-child* had lodged there?" To which being answered "yes;" her Ladyship then desired to see that Apartment.

"LORD, Madam!" says Mrs. *Clinch*, "that Room is not half good enough for you; here is my best Dining-room, and a Bed-chamber behind it, as prettily furnished as Heart can wish to behold; pray Madam take that."

"No matter," says her Ladyship, "show me hers." Which was accordingly done. This Apartment was the thing she wished to see, tho' not to live in. When turning round to Mrs. *Clinch*, she said, "it would not do for her;" and then wishing to see the other, she added, "she was sorry that neither of them would serve her Turn:" When opening her Purse, she presented Mrs. *Clinch* with a Guinea, saying at the same time, she never gave People Trouble without some Reward.

"AND

“AND pray, Mrs. *Clinch*,” says her Ladyship, “is it possible that Miss *Fairchild*, who has married an Earl, could live in this Apartment?”

“PERHAPS, Madam,” says Mrs. *Clinch*, “you know not who she is.”

“You say true, indeed,” says her Ladyship, “I do not. Pray who may she be?” Now the desired Conversation began.

THIS good Matron then, her Heart being opened by the opening of her Ladyship’s Purse, resolving to be liberal in her turn, gave her Ladyship more than a full and true Account of all that she knew of *Lydia*; relating her Distress, and her being at Mother *D*——’s, without pronouncing one Word of Miss *Fairchild*’s Behaviour on that Occasion.

LADY *Betty* was now truly satisfied, and had succeeded much better in her Commission, than many *English* Embassadors at foreign Courts; she was now perfectly prepared for the Duchefs of *****’s Rout, and to sate her Envy in discovering who this *Lydia*, now Countess of *Liberal*, was. She withdrew, promising to recommend
Mrs.

Mrs. *Clinch's* Lodgings, with a Smile, and a Cart'ry; then hurrying into her Chair, she was carried Home to arrange the Circumstances of this Story. She longed like a hungry Bat for the Close of Evening and Darkness, when she might fly abroad and spread her Intelligence: With this Intent, she drest herself to the best Advantage, kindled by the sarcastic Desire of traducing the Character of this most amiable Woman.

THE Servants were spruc'd and powder'd, the Knocker rattled, the Door trembled, the Wax-lights blazed, the Chairmen and Chairs groaned with the two fat Countesses, the Card-tables were in order, the Parties were disposing, when the precious Burthen of Lady *Betty Wrigle* was reposed in the Hall of the Duchess of *****.

SHE enter'd the Apartments with Joy flashing from her Eyes; indeed she would have been there sooner, but she purposely delayed her going, that she might deliver this Account with full Spirit at first coming, to a full Company, and not by brooding over it spoil the whole Story, by being obliged to retain it too long, like a Dinner which waits for its Devourers.

SHE

SHE knew the Conversation of the Evening would turn upon the Subject of the Earl's Marriage, and that some gentle Sparings might probably be aimed at her Ladyship; as the watchful Eye of Woman must have observed she had paid some peculiar Attention to him.

SHE therefore, at coming, having first made her Curt'sies round, began to Lady *Charlotte* ***** with "Madam, has your Ladyship heard who this *Lydia Fairchild* is, whose Wit, Merit, Beauty and Family have seduced the Heart of the Earl of *Liberal* to marry her?" closing this Sentence with a Laugh.

LADY *Charlotte* answering in the Negative;

LADY *Betty* added, "well, it is impossible to tell you." Now it seems Lady *Betty*, in her Accounts of Things, resembles the 'Change-alley Jobbers, who can no more suffer a Story to lie still without improving, than these Money mongers can their Cash without Interest.

SHE therefore began abruptly, with "it is impossible to surmise to what length
" Things

“ Things of this Nature will go. It is
“ long since, Madam, you know, that
“ Noblemen have degraded their Rank by
“ marrying amongst the Plebeian kind;
“ and indeed there are many Excuses for
“ their so doing.” During these Words
the Circle thickened round her.

“ SOMETIMES the Situation of their
“ Affairs requires a Fortune to reinstate
“ them; at other times Beauty may have
“ captivated a Nobleman’s Heart, for real-
“ ly one sometimes sees what one may call
“ pretty Women amongst low People, and
“ then some Reason may be given for the
“ Indiscretion; at other times Wit has its
“ Powers of Charming, and Men of Qua-
“ lity are frequently enamoured of that
“ Excellence; as to Family, that indeed
“ you know is always a satisfactory Reason
“ for wedding a Lady without Fortune or
“ farther Consideration.

“ ALL these indeed have something to
“ plead in their Favour; nay, even mar-
“ rying common Women, which has been
“ so often put in practice by some of our
“ Nobility, which I thought was as far
“ as it could well go, is short of this
“ Action of my Lord *Liberal*. He has
“ taken a Woman from the Plantations,
“ who, by what I can learn, is a *Mulatta*;
“ that

“ that Circumstance speaks her Beauty and
“ Family, you know: She was confined in
“ a Jail at *Bristol*, for stealing Lady *Flimsy*’s
“ Diamonds, to whom she was a Servant ;
“ since which time she has frequented that
“ House in *Covent-Garden*, where all the
“ Women of the Town resort ; I never
“ remember Names ; this speaks her Merit,
“ your Ladyship sees ; besides which, she
“ is the most violent *Virago* that ever
“ lived ; and one of the best kind of Wo-
“ men in the World, Mrs. *Clinch*, as I am
“ informed, was obliged to turn her and
“ her Mother out of Doors, they kept such
“ an eternal Scolding together, the poor
“ Woman could get no one to stay in her
“ best Apartment for their Quarrels, by
“ which she must have been undone ; this
“ speaks her Wit, your Ladyship will ob-
“ serve. It seems, Madam, she was re-
“ duced to one Linen-gown ; so infamous
“ that not a Soul came near her ; the Cham-
“ ber in which she lived resembling that
“ in Mr. *Hogarth*’s *Harlot’s Progress*, or
“ rather worse ; one broken Chair, and a
“ Bed without Curtains, make the whole
“ Furniture : Such she was, and such the
“ Earl has taken her to his Arms. A true
“ Sample of Sea Education !

“ Thus,

“ THUS, Madam, this Countess is happily composed of four Qualifications, which one dares not name; and which, bad as some Women may be imagined, are as rarely found in one Person, as the four cardinal Virtues; which, without doubt, makes her a Curiosity, and worthy a Nobleman’s Distinction, by way of Wife.”

“ PRAY, my Lady, what are these Qualities?” says a Prig, who had increased her Circle by coming at the latter End of the Account.

“ ONLY Bastard, Brimstone, Thief and Scold,” says Lady *Charlotte*, to whom this Tale was recounted, “ that’s all.”

“ A very handsome Collection indeed!” answer’d the Coxcomb; “ and tho’ but four, really enough for any Lady.”

“ AND this is the Countess of *Liberal*, upon my Honor,” says Lady *Betty*.

THIS Story was received with general Applause, and not quite so general a Belief.

THE Evening before this Rout, Lady *Flimsy* being return'd to Town, found a Card from the Ducheſs of * * * * *; when, notwithstanding her little Taſte for Routs and Drums, ſhe imagined it would not be polite to reſuſe this Invitation from her Grace; accordingly ſhe came into the Apartments juſt as Lady *Betty* had finiſh'd this Hiſtory.

Now it came into Lady *Betty*'s Head, that Lady *Flimsy* might ſtrengthen this Report of hers, and give it a Sanction of Truth, which all Stories utter'd from one Lady to another, do not conſtantly obtain. Thoſe who know the World, know that Hiſtories of this Nature, like Attornies-bills, are often made to be taxed, and bear cutting off prodigiouſly well in many Parts.

SHE therefore drew near Lady *Flimsy*, and dropping eaſily into Converſation, aſk'd “ if ſhe had heard that the Girl, who had
“ robb'd her Ladyſhip of her Diamonds,
“ was married to the Earl of *Liberal*.”

“ YES, Madam,” answer'd the Viſcounteſs, “ not an Hour ſince, and with infinite Pleaſure. I am glad your Ladyſhip
“ aſk'd me this Queſtion, that I may have
an

“ an Opportunity of doing Justice to the
 “ best of Women, and retrieve a Character
 “ that has been long treated with the ut-
 “ most Injustice. The Diamonds, which
 “ were most iniquitously said, by the late
 “ Lord *Flimsy*, to have been stolen by the
 “ present Countess of *Liberal*, for which
 “ she was confined, were found in his
 “ Casket, after his Lordship’s Death. It
 “ seems she had resisted every Temptation
 “ which he could offer her, to yield him
 “ up her Virtue. He therefore took this
 “ last Expedient, of secreting my Dia-
 “ monds, and charging her with it, on
 “ purpose to terrify her into Consent; in
 “ which he fail’d, as in all the former.

“ THIS I know, and farther, that there
 “ is not a more deserving Woman in *En-
 “ gland*; there are few who have so much
 “ Beauty and good Understanding, and
 “ fewer who have Resolution to withstand
 “ all the Temptation of Rewards, and the
 “ Terror of Threats, in favour of Virtue.
 “ She must do honour to her Rank, and
 “ to the Understanding of that Nobleman,
 “ who has made her his Choice.”

THIS Relation Lady *Betty* did not relish
 in the least; the Eyes of the Company
 were turn’d upon her; at last, one of Lord
Flimsy’s

Flimsy's Sisters, who had disagreed with Lady *Flimsy*, on the Affair of his Lordship's Monument, whisper'd that one *Sweetwood* was imagined to have had an Intrigue with her Ladyship, and that this Wench, now Countess of *Liberal*, was supposed to have been in the Secret; for which Reason, this extravagant good Character was so lavishly bestowed upon her.

THIS Narrative gave Peace to Lady *Betty's* Breast, and many more. The next Morning Lady *Betty*, Lady *Charlotte*, Lady *Harriot*, Lady *Bab*, Lady *Sophy*, Lady *Caroline*, and Lady *Susan*, from this Center of the Rout, driving every Way, like Rays from a Lamp of bad Oil, communicating a dingy Look, and ill Odour, to all it reaches, were piously employed to spread this Tale of Infamy on the Character of Lady *Liberal*.

C H A P.

C H A P. LXX.

Lady Flimsy's Letter to the Countess of Liberal well received by the Earl and Countess.

LADY *Flimsy* was engaged in writing the following Letter to the Countess of *Liberal*.

“ Dear Madam,

“ I T is impossible to say, whether I have
 “ felt more Pain from your secreting
 “ yourself from me so long, and fearing
 “ what your delicate Mind might suffer,
 “ or more Pleasure in this Account of your
 “ being wedded to the Earl of *Liberal*.

“ I, who know your Soul, rejoice doubly
 “ in this Event, because you have taken
 “ Possession of all you love, and what I
 “ hoped; I shall not pay his Lordship so ill-
 “ judged a Compliment, as to wish that he
 “ may adore you.

“ I have yet a greater Pleasure in this,
 “ than may by many be easily credited. I
 “ shall now be happy in seeing you above

“ me in Rank, as you are in every Quali-
 “ fication ; and shall rush this Evening to
 “ your Arms, to tell you by my own Lips,
 “ how sincerely I rejoice in your present
 “ Happiness.

“ DON’T be jealous ; but I really love
 “ your Lord already, tho’ I have never seen
 “ him ; keep this secret, and he shall never
 “ know it from me. I am,

“ *Your most obedient Servant,*

“ ARABELLA FLIMSY.”

THIS Epistle was received with great Pleasure by the Countess of *Liberal* ; the Earl himself read it with vast Delight and Satisfaction.

THE Evening brought Lady *Flimsy* to the Earl’s ; where he was an Eye-witness of unfeigned Friendship in the Breasts of two Women. The Viscountess manifesting every Token of sincere Delight, and the Countess receiving and returning them with equal Truth and Candour.

“ MY Lord,” says Lady *Flimsy*, “ I
 “ wish you Joy of the most amiable Wo-
 “ man

“man in *England*; and this I say from
“Demonstration.”

“MADAM,” says the Countess, “I
“have acquainted his Lordship with all
“my History, and many Distresses which
“have attended me, since I left your La-
“dyship.” “In that Concealment alone,”
replied the Viscountess, “you are blame-
“able; for, believe me, I had long sought
“you with Pain, fearing your Distress;
“and in consequence of a Letter received
“from the Servant which I left in *London*,
“who told me you were here, I am now
“come to Town with Design to have made
“you my inseparable Companion for Life,
“to enjoy an equal Share of my Possessions;
“but this noble Earl has prevented me.
“You, my Lord, will enjoy that Happi-
“ness I am robb’d of, and tho’ I love your
“Lady, I envy you not; there is some-
“thing in refined and true Love, which
“Woman cannot taste with Woman, nor
“Men, I believe, with their own Sex.”

At these Words the Earl smiled, agree-
ing with her Ladyship’s Opinion. “I see,”
says she, “by your Countenance, my Lord,
“you have misconstrued my Expression;
“but I really meant it innocently, and to
“express that sentimental Passion which is

“ the Result of Souls in Unison, not to be
 “ found between two of the same Species.”
 This Evening happily past, finished the Con-
 versation and the Chapter.

C H A P. LXXI.

Frank figures with great Eclat in this Chapter. Squire Risse brings himself into great Tribulation; and Jack Bonnefoy gets him out again, by persuading him to ask Pardon by Letter; in which the Orthography is preserved for the Study of all Men of that Character.

FRANK, the Servant which we have mentioned, returning to his Master, whom he had served since the Death of the Viscount *Flimsy*, gave him Notice of his Inclination to quit his Service, yet not till he could provide himself with another who was agreeable to him. “ Sir,” says he, “ I
 “ would not leave you, but that I can now
 “ be situated, where I hope to finish my
 “ Days, and with whom I wish to be, above
 “ all People on Earth.”

THIS Gentleman was a Man of Fortune, of a gay Cast of Mind, good-natured, and sensible. He would have very willingly retained *Frank* in his Service; but at the same Time told him, as by his Expressions he seemed to like the Place he proposed going to, he would not hinder him from being happier than he was with him; “for I imagine,” says he, “my Life does not agree with you damn’d sober Fellows; therefore I shall give you a good Character, and dismiss you as soon as I find another.”

FRANK thank’d him, and was then acquainted that some Company would dine with his Master the next Day, and ordered to provide Things handsomely.

IN the mean while, this Story so derogatory to the Honour of Lady *Liberal*, was propagated with the Swiftneſs of a Comet’s Motion. Every Mouth was full with it.

AMONGST the rest of the Guests invited to dine with *Frank*’s Master was ‘Squire *Rifle*, whom we have already mentioned in the fifty-ninth Chapter of this History, as the Hero who attempted to perpetrate the Ruin of *Lydia* at Mother D——’s.

THE

THE Conversation at Dinner turn'd much on the late Marriage of the Earl of *Liberal*. One of the Company, *Jack Bonnefoy*, said he did not blame the Earl for marrying the Girl he liked. " I saw her Yesterday," says he, " and, upon my Soul, I never beheld a more amiable Woman; with an Air of Sweetness and Modesty, so genteel and easy, as may justify any Nobleman in his Choice of her; and, give me Leave to tell you, there are few Women of more Beauty, and, if one may judge from what she said, fewer of so good an Understanding."

" WELL said *Jack*," says *Billy Ramble*, " thee hast a distinguishing Taste for Modesty, I find. Why, here's *Rifle*, at my Elbow, swears he had her at Mother *D——s's*."

" SAY you so, *Rifle*," says *Jack Bonnefoy*.

" YES, dam me," says *Rifle*, " I say, I had her at *D——s's*."

DURING this Conversation, *Frank*, who had been greatly pleased with the Beginning of it, and as much stung to the Soul with the latter Part, was ordered by his

Master to give him a Glass of Wine and Water. His Mind was so discomposed at this Account given by *Rifle*, that, not knowing what he did, he took the Glass half full of Small-Beer, and then adding Wine and Water to it, gave it his Master.

“ ZOUND’s, *Frank*,” cried his Master, after tasting it, “ what have you given me? “ by —, you have poison’d me.” The Servant, by this Expression recalled from his *Reverie*, asked ten Thousand Pardons for his Mistake. “ But, Sir,” says he, “ the “ Account which that Gentleman,” pointing to ‘Squire *Rifle*, “ has given of Lady “ *Liberal*, was the Cause of it; not thinking “ what I was doing, when I intended to give “ you Wine and Water, I have mixed “ these Liquors together. I am sure, Sir, “ you will pardon me, when I assure you, “ there never was a more amiable Woman, “ and that I am convinced, that there is not “ one Word of Truth in all he has spoke.”

THIS Speech of *Frank*’s summoned the Eyes of the whole Company upon him. His Master then asked, what he knew of the Countess of *Liberal*? When *Frank* gave an Account of the Affair of the Earl of *Flimsy*, his secreting this Lady’s Diamonds, and what Lady *Liberal* had refused and suffered

ferred for the Cause of Virtue ; concluding, that it was impossible that a Woman who had done this could have been had at D——s's, and that he did not believe a Word of it.

“ NOR I,” says *Jack Bonnesfoy*.

“ AND so,” says *Rifle* to *Frank*, “ you say I lye ; do you, you Rascal ?”

“ No,” says *Frank*, “ I have not yet said so.”

“ BUT you think so, you Scoundrel.”

“ That I do, indeed,” answered *Frank*.

“ RASCAL,” replied *Rifle*, “ I'll break every Bone in your Body,” rising in great Wrath.

“ INDEED, you will not,” says *Frank* ; “ I wish you would touch me with one Finger. I dare say, that the whole Company would be pleased to see you thresh'd within an Inch of your Life ; which you shall certainly be. Sir,” says he, turning to his Master, “ you will have the Goodness to pardon me, in defending the Character of all that is virtuous, from the Slander

“ of that Man, who calls himself a Gentleman; and if I do not prove this to all your Satisfactions, I will consent to any Punishment you shall think fit to inflict upon me.”

“ A SENSIBLE Fellow, by ——,” says *Jack Bonnefoy*.

“ NAY, *Frank*,” says his Master, “ I cannot blame you, if what you say be true: I think *Rifle*’s Slandering an innocent Lady, has reduced him, at least, to your Level.”

RIFLE then vow’d Vengeance against *Frank*, and swore by his Maker a Thousand times, “ that he had her at D——s’s;” till *Frank*, out of all Patience, swore “ he lyed, and he would prove it to the Company.”

THERE was besides the apparent Air of Truth, which was visible in *Frank*’s Face, the known Character of *Rifle* for slandering Women of Reputation, and endeavouring to lye away their Characters, which inclined the Company to believe the Servant rather than the Gentleman.

AFTER

AFTER Dinner, the common Healths were drank; *Rifle* swearing between each Toast, "That he would be the Death of *Frank*, and insisting on his being turn'd away by his Master:" To which it was answered, "That he was already leaving his Service:" "But faith, *Rifle*," says the Master of the Treat, "you have so often vaunted of Affairs with Women whom you never saw, that I cannot say, that I am sorry to see you so treated by a Footman: And give me Leave to tell you, that this Fellow has never told me a Falsehood during his serving me; and at present he leaves me much against my Will.

"He has something in him above the common Rate of Domestics; and will be very apt to search this Thing to the Bottom, to your no very great Honour; if what you have said be not true."

THE whole Answer to this was, "that by —— it was true."

DURING this Time, *Frank* was determined to take ample Vengeance of this infamous Fellow: He first thought of acquainting the Earl of *Liberal* with it; but

then, fearing for the Life of that Lord, which was so dear to the Countess of *Liberal*, his Affection for that Lady preferring her Ease to his own Safety; he determined in a Letter to *Rifle*, to personate the Earl, and demand Satisfaction for thus treating the Countess's Character.

He therefore, whilst the Company was still at his Master's, wrote the following Letter, which he contrived to be brought by a Porter, and delivered into Squire *Rifle*'s own Hand.

SIR,

" I AM this Minute acquainted by the
" Servant, who this Day waited at Din-
" ner, that you have said, That you
" had my Lady *Liberal* at D——s's: If
" you can prove this to be true, I shall
" forgive you; if not, as I am convinced
" you cannot, I here require Satisfaction
" To-morrow Morning; and if you refuse
" meeting me, and appointing the Place,
" I will kick you wherever I meet you,

" Yours, *Liberal*."

THIS

THIS Letter being delivered, a ghastly Paleness stole upon the Face of Squire *Rifle*; and an Odour, less fragrant, though more powerful, than the damask Rose transpired from the Parts below.

THIS being perceived by *Jack Bonnefoy*, Dam you, *Rifle*, says he, What News have you received? It operates strongly upon you, I perceive. *Frank* stood to ask if there was any Message to be returned, and beheld this Token of Distress with great Pleasure.

“Sirrah, you Rascal,” says *Rifle* to *Frank*,
“this is your doing, you Dog. Do you
“betray the Secrets which pass at your
“Master’s Table?”

“SIR,” says *Frank*, “You irritated me
“to it.”

“READ the Letter,” says the Master of
the House.

WHICH being done by *Jack Bonnefoy*;
and coming to these Words, “If you can
“prove this to be true, I shall forgive
“you.” “Why *Rifle*,” says he, “If you
“have any Proof of the Truth of what
“you have said, here is no Danger.”

“ Ay !” says *Rifle*, “ But how do I
 “ know whether his Lordship will be satis-
 “ fied with the Proof which I shall bring ?
 “ I never intended this should come to his
 “ Ears !”

“ That I believe,” says *Bonnefoy* ; “ yet
 “ I cannot blame *Frank* for discovering it :
 “ There are but three Things which you can
 “ choose of ; either to give him Satisfac-
 “ tion, like a Man of Honour ; ask his
 “ Pardon, and own yourself a Scoundrel ;
 “ or prove that which you have asserted to
 “ be true.”

AT this *Rifle* was all in a cold Sweat ;
 which *Frank* perceiving, told him the Por-
 ter waited an Answer.

THIS Moment, who should enter to the
 Company, but young Captain *Firebrace*,
 half cock'd : It seems he was designed to be
 of the Company, but being pre-engaged,
 had dined at another Place, and was come
 hither to finish his Evening's Potation.

AFTER having saluted the Master of the
 House, he cry'd out, “ Oh ! my old Friend
 “ *Rifle* ! What are you here ? I have not
 “ seen you since I met you at D——s's.”

“ To

“ To this *Bonnefoy* replied, *Firebrace*,
 “ you are come in a happy Time, to extri-
 “ cate your Friend *Rifle* from a damn’d
 “ Dilemma, into which he is gotten. It
 “ seems the Earl of *Liberal* has heard that
 “ this Gentleman has defamed his Coun-
 “ tess, by saying, he had her at *D——s’s*,
 “ and has sent to him to demand Satisfac-
 “ tion ; and at present he is at a loss whe-
 “ ther he shall fight him, acknowledge
 “ he has been in the wrong, or bring Proof
 “ of what he has said.”

“ Oh! says *Firebrace*, I am the Man in
 “ the World the best able to set this Matter
 “ right ; and I here undertake, upon my
 “ Honour, to prove that *Rifle* had her at
 “ *D——s’s*.” This made *Frank* tremble to
 the Heart ; as he knew this Gentleman was
 a Man of strict Honour, and the whole
 Company was stagger’d at this Declaration ;
 yet *Rifle* seem’d to express no Satisfaction
 at these Words.

“ PRAY tell us then,” says the Master
 of the House, “ how it was.” *Firebrace*
 then disclosed the whole Affair, as we have
 already related it ; at which *Frank’s* Heart
 dancing with Joy, he cried out, “ did not
 “ I tell you, Sir, he was a Liar?” All
 the

the Company beholding *Rifle* with Abhorrence, and *Frank* with Pleasure: *Bonnefoy* saying, “ I ever believed the Dog was an
“ errant Scoundrel ; yet I could not have
“ imagined him so thoroughly abandoned
“ and infamous, as he now appears to be.”

“ WELL,” says *Firebrace*, “ what do you
“ intend doing, *Rifle*? You will not fight
“ I know ; and your proving the Truth
“ of what you intended is impossible.” At
this, *Rifle* fancied he had conceived a lucky
Thought, “ I did not say I lay with her
“ at D——s’s, I only said that I had her
“ there ; and this is true, and you can
“ prove it.”

“ You base Fellow,” says *Firebrace*,
“ this screening yourself under the double
“ Meaning of your Expression, is yet
“ more infamous than the Thing itself.
“ Did not you intend that this Company
“ should believe that you had enjoyed this
“ virtuous Lady, and to contaminate her
“ Character?”

“ WRITE a Letter to the Earl, and
“ acknowledge your being a Rascal ; and
“ then hide your infamous Head in the
“ Country, from all human Society,” says
Bonnefoy.

“ I

“ I CAN do the latter, without acknow-
 “ ledging that I am a Rascal, under my
 “ own Hand; and I’ll decamp To-mor-
 “ row,” says *Rifle*.

“ INSENSIBLE Brute!” says *Bonnefoy*.
 “ Here, *Frank*, I give him over to your
 “ Chastisement.” “ Then,” says *Frank*,
 “ he shall write before he leaves this House,
 “ and give an Account of his Behaviour,
 “ under his own Hand, or I’ll die if he
 “ escapes.” “ Well said, *Frank*,” says
Firebrace.

ACCORDINGLY, ‘Squire *Rifle* being sup-
 plied with Pen, Ink and Paper, would
 have written an Answer; when, after
 many Attempts, he cried, “ Damme, if
 “ I know what to say.” “ Write after
 “ me,” says *Bonnefoy*. When taking the
 Pen, he wrote what follows, as *Bonnefoy*
 dictated.

“ *My Lord*,
 “ I N anser to yore Lordship’s Letter,
 “ whitch demands me ether to gife you
 “ Proofe of what I hafe propigated against
 “ yore Countis, or Satisfacshon; I hear
 “ acnolitch the hole to be an infamus Ly.
 “ And

“ And that I am a most notorius,” (here *Bonnefoy* pronouncing the Word Scoundrel, *Rifle* desired to be excused from inserting that. “ Write, damn you,” says *Bonnefoy*, “ or *Frank* shall twig your Nose from “ your Face.” (*Frank* stretching forth his Hand in Readiness) at which he wrote “ Scoundril, for hafeing tradused the most “ virtuous of Weemin. I ask yore Lord- “ ship ten thousand Pardons for this scan- “ dalus Behavior. And am,

“ *Your most obedient,*

“ *bumbel Sarvant,*

“ THOMAS RIFLE.”

“ SEE how the Rascal spells,” says *Bonnefoy*, taking the Letter. “ Is it not a “ Reflection on human Kind, that such “ illiterate and infamous Fellows can find “ Admission into good Company, thro’ “ the Deceit of a laced Coat, and a Thou- “ sand a Year; when Merit and Learning “ are almost excluded, what is mistakenly “ called, the best Society, because it may “ happen to want these Requisites? ”

THE Letter was folded, sealed, and given to *Frank*, to send it to his Lordship. *Rifle* was

was committed, at the same Time, to be turned down Stairs by *Frank* also, by the general Consent of all present.

THE next Day he withdrew into the Country, for a few Months; debauched all the pretty Girls in his Neighbourhood; till afraid of being justly treated, according to his Deserts, in that Part, he returned to *London*; and, at present, his whole Life is spent in Taverns and Bagnios; seeking new Faces to ruin and destroy, and to be duped by Bawds and Pandars.

C H A P. LXXII.

Frank's Character gains universal Applause.

THIS Transaction soon got abroad into the World; and, in a very little Time, reached the Ears of Earl *Liberal*. When his Lordship being ask'd, "if he
" knew any thing of the Story," answer'd,
" that he believed the whole to be false;
" because he was sure he had never written
" any Letter to *Rifle*, or heard of his
" Name. At the same Time," says he,
" Lady *Liberal* was really treated in the
" Manner

“ Manner this Story relates it; but as she
 “ knew not the Name of the Person, I
 “ never could find an Opportunity of cha-
 “ stising the Villain, or thank the Gentle-
 “ man who rescued her from his Hands;
 “ both of which I had most certainly done.
 “ However,” says the Earl, “ I think I
 “ saw the Servant, who is said to have
 “ been engaged in this Affair, enter my
 “ House, not six Minutes since; we will
 “ know the Truth of this Story.”

ACCORDINGLY *Frank* being introduced,
 the Story was told by him as it really past.
 When the Earl asking *Frank*, how he
 came to use his Name without his Con-
 sent; “ I would not run the Risque of
 “ giving Pain to my Lady, by your
 “ punishing so bad a Man; and therefore
 “ presumed to use your Lordship’s Name
 “ in the Letter.”

“ AH! but *Frank*,” says her Ladyship,
 “ what if this Man had accepted the Chal-
 “ lenge?”

“ THEN, Madam,” says he, “ I would
 “ have met him disguised in my Master’s
 “ Cloaths; defended your Innocence, and
 “ preserved my Lord, whom you love so
 “ well, from all Chance of being injured.”

“ DE-

“DESERVING, generous Creature!” answer’d her Ladyship. My Lord, and all the Company agreeing in that Truth. *Frank* bowed very low, rendered almost immortal in his own Opinion, by the Pleasure which these Words imparted to his Soul.

He then gave the Letter, which *Rifle* had written, into the Hands of the Earl; which afforded no little Diversion to the Company present, and retired.

C H A P. LXXIII.

A small Incident at Ranelagh, which turns out to the no great Honour of the right honourable Captain Charles Bounce.

THIS Evening, the Earl and his Lady were to be accompanied with Lady *Flimsy*, and a Gentleman, his Friend, to *Ranelagh*. This was the first Time that she had made her Appearance in any public Place, since her Nuptials. She was drest extremely neat, without Show or Ostentation, with few Jewels, the Earl even pressing her to wear those she had on: And as she was now recovered from that pale and languid

languid Look, which her Distress had imparted to her Countenance, she appeared extremely beautiful. Being accompanied with Lady *Flimsy*, who was also a fine Woman; the Eyes of all the Company were upon her; the Men, in general, praising her Beauty, and the Women darting the malicious Arrows of Envy, which rebounded on themselves, without injuring her.

AMONGST these was the Earl *Braggard*, the Father of the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, who was also himself then present; being returned from his Voyage. It seems, as hath been already hinted, this Earl delighted much in Accounts of his Son's Amours; in Complaisance to which Disposition of his Sire, this Son, as in Duty bound, had framed many a lascivious Tale, to entertain his aged Parent, to make his Hours of declining Life pass away pleasantly, and prevent him from uneasy Thoughts of another World: A rare Instance of filial Piety in Sons, in this wicked, degenerate Age! Amongst which Histories, the manner in which he had succeeded in debauching the Lady *Liberal*, was one.

AND here we cannot avoid lamenting the Indiscretion of too many Parents, who
cannot

cannot patiently bear that their Sons should give an Account of their Amours and Gallantries before them, as did this right honourable Lord *Braggard*. A more general Disposition in Fathers to this Behaviour, we presume, would probably inform them of their Sons true Inclinations, prevent them from seeking other Company, and frequenting Taverns; and, if they would but kindly indulge their Propensities, keep W——es in their own Houses, for their Childrens Amusement, as they grow up, they might certainly, in a great measure, prevent their frequenting Bagnios and Brothels, and squandering their Money; the only Thing belonging to Man, which, at present, is thought worth saving. Indeed, if it was not for the kind-hearted Dispositions of some Maid-servants, contrary to their Masters and Mistresses Knowledge, things would be much worse than they are; however, we are not quite out of Expectation, to see a Kept-mistress provided by every noble Father, for a young Lord, in the Place of a Tutor; and inferior Families, making it one Article in their Agreements with the Maid-servants, that Mr. *Jemmy*, and Mr. *Jacky*, shall lye with them, as soon as they are big enough to begin an Amour; as the most frugal and safest Method of Education, and providing
what

what is now allowed to be so universally necessary for all young Gentlemen, and to the utter Ruin of Bawdy-houses and Taverns.

THIS Earl then, seeing the Countess of *Liberal* at *Ranelagh*, was relating the Story of his Son *Charles's* Amour with her, to a Circle of surrounding Toad-eaters; his old gummy Eyes twinkled with Lust, like two Farthing-candles in two greasy Sockets; and the Slaver ran from his toothless Mouth, in the Recital, like a Hound's which has been hard hunted; his two Legs and his Cane scarce supporting him, whilst his Head nodded Time to the Relation, like a *Chinese* Image put in Motion.

THE Earl of *Liberal* having been divided from his Company by an old Friend, was again following them, when seeing a Circle, he stepped up to this which surrounded the old Lord *Braggard*; where being unobserved and unknown to the Company, he overheard what this old Debauchée was lasciviously relating.

THIS infamous Narration pierced his very Soul; however, he had Temper sufficient to restrain his Resentment against this Veteran in Lust and Impotence, reserving

serving it for this Son *Charles*, from whom he knew this Lie must proceed.

THE Earl of *Liberal* had seen him in the Room; but having a thorough Detestation of the Man, he had not exchanged a single Word with him; and, to say the Truth, the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* had carefully avoided meeting the Earl in walking round, urged to that Behaviour by conscious Guiltiness.

THE Earl *Braggard* finish'd his Account, by saying " *Charles* shall tell you more of " the Matter when he comes:" At these Words the Earl of *Liberal* withdrew.

HAVING joined his Lady, Lady *Flimsy*, and another Gentleman, who accompanied them, in the succeeding Round he saw the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* in the Middle of this Circle, alertly relating the Account, the old Lord tittering with Joy at it, and the Company turning their Eyes on the Countess and her Companions; as they pass'd, one of them spoke loud enough to be heard, " She is a delicious Piece!"

THESE Words pierced the Soul of Earl *Liberal*; to hear his Lady's Fame and Honour traduced before his Face, was beyond
all

all human Bearing. He therefore stept on one Side, and speaking to a Waiter, shewed him the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*; when giving him a Guinea, he bid him to speak to him secretly, and say, “ that he
 “ came with a Message from a Lady, who
 “ waited for him at the lower End of the
 “ Right-hand Side of the Canal, in the
 “ Gardens, going towards the River.”

To this Place the Earl of *Liberal* past with all Haste; and the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* follow'd him immediately; thinking nothing less than some Intrigue would be the Consequence of this Rendezvous. The favourite Singer was at that Time performing, and the Gardens quite empty.

How great was the Surprise of this Captain, when he discovered the Earl of *Liberal*! His Joy sunk away at the Sight, like the sensitive Plant contracting at a Touch; however, he said, “ my Lord, your most
 “ obedient Servant. Is it you, who have
 “ favoured me with this Messuage? Some
 “ Joke, I suppose.”

“ VILLAIN! draw your Sword,” replied the Earl.

“ Prithee,

“ Prithee, Pox! my Lord, leave your
“ Joking! You will always be the same
“ Man, I see. What is the Matter now?”
says the Captain, not a little fluster’d.

“ You know too well,” answer’d the
Earl. “ Did not you most scandalously
“ traduce the Character of Lady *Liberal*,
“ not five Minutes since, surrounded with
“ that Circle of Coxcombs? Sir, I heard
“ your lascivious old Father give an Ac-
“ count of your having enjoyed my Wife,
“ which, you know, is an infamous Lie;
“ therefore, Villain! instantly give me Sa-
“ tisfaction.”

“ My Lord!” says the Captain, “ you
“ know that old Men will be prating silly
“ Stuff; his Head is quite gone; it’s not
“ my Fault.”

“ Yes,” says the Earl, “ but not with-
“ out your first having invented, and told
“ him this Lie; therefore, by Heavens!
“ I will have Satisfaction instantly.”

THE honourable Captain *Bounce* then
looked behind, to see if any one was coming
who might part them, if he should dare to
engage; when no one appearing, he cried,

“ Dear *Liberal*! do pardon me; upon my
 “ Soul, I will never offend again in this
 “ Manner; I will ask Pardon on my
 “ Knees.”

“ YES,” says the Earl, “ in the Middle
 “ of that Circle, where you have endea-
 “ voured to blast the Reputation of all my
 “ Soul adores; therefore give me Satis-
 “ faction instantly, or march before me to
 “ the *Rotunda*.”

THE Captain then intreating, told him,
 “ he must be undone for ever, if he per-
 “ sisted in this Demand.” The Earl re-
 plied, “ and my *Lydia*’s Fame must be for
 “ ever blighted, if it is not complied with;
 “ therefore, Scoundrel! march, or your
 “ Nose and you shall follow these Fingers.”

No Intreaties could prevail. The Cap-
 tain’s Land-courage was left on board Ship,
 and he had not brought on shore enough
 of the Sea, to give his Right-arm Vigor to
 draw his Sword; he therefore followed the
 Earl, who, directing him to the Place
 where the Earl *Braggard* stood, spoke aloud,
 “ Here, Miscreant! on this Spot ask Par-
 “ don of this Father of yours, and of the
 “ Company, for having abused their Ears
 “ with Lies, relating to your Amour with

“ Lady *Liberal*. On your Knees directly!” This drew the Company about them; when some interfering in Favour of the Captain, the Earl related the Story, and insisted on his doing Justice to his Wife, by speaking Truth on the very Spot where he had utter’d the Lie, or giving him the Satisfaction of a Gentleman. This being thought reasonable by most present, Captain *Bounce* was obliged to ask Pardon on his Knees, for what he had said, and to declare that the whole Account was a Lie, as he had related it.

Thus the Character of the most virtuous of Women was publicly justified, from the malicious Lies of infamous Cowards; and the Tongue of Slander much silenced, from speaking to the Dispraise of *Lydia*, Countess of *Liberal*.

C H A P. LXXIV.

True Instances of filial Piety in the Countess ; paternal Fondness in the Mother ; and humane Politeness in the Earl. The true Test of sincere Love.

THE filial Piety which the new-married Lady had manifested to her Parent, was now more conspicuous than ever. The good old Woman recovering with amazing Progress, by this Change of her Circumstances ; it was an Object more delightful than flowery Lawns, and falling Waters, waving Woods, and craggy Rocks, diversified with all that is picturesque in Architecture and Animals, heightened by Sunshine, to behold the beauteous Face of *Lydia*, Countess of *Liberal*, at the Approach of her venerable Mother ; her Eyes shed innumerable Rays of Piety and Joy ; Duty exalted every Feature ; and this, because the most captivating Powers of the Soul must animate the Face of human Nature, at these Moments : An Idea of Pleasure, which must for ever be deficient in surveying the Objects of Still-life, where those active Virtues are known not to reside.

No

No Company, no Engagement in her own House, could prevent the Countess from attending her Mother when she retired to rest : The Lip of Duty was always prest to that of paternal Love ; whose Blessing following the Action, imparted infinite Delight to the Heart of *Lydia*.

“ Go my Child,” she said, “ may the
“ God of all continue to shower those
“ Blessings on thy Head, with which he
“ has already distinguished and rewarded
“ thy Piety and Virtue.”

SUCH are the Effect of Minds at Ease, Mrs. *Fairchild* became gay again ; and like one who had renewed the Vigor of Life.

THE Earl himself being vastly delighted with her Company, and contriving, by every amiable Action, to give her Pleasure, who was the Source of so great Joy to his lovely *Lydia*, often conversed with her, and was much entertained with her Conversation ; and when the deep Impressions of her former Anguish, would seduce her Tale to deviate into Accounts of past Sufferings, so natural to Age, the Earl, with all the Politeness of Good-nature, led her from these melancholy Relations,

and told her, " That Miseries to Mankind
 " were only the Moments of Eclipse,
 " which heightened and endeared the
 " Hours of Sunshine; Means in the Hand
 " of Providence, like Shades from the
 " Painter's Pencil, which give Strength
 " and Beauty to the whole; without which,
 " Life would be one Glare of undistin-
 " guished Folly, or flat Exhibition of In-
 " difference, without Relief, Attraction,
 " or Pleasure."

" INDEED, my Lord," answered the
 venerable Mother, " I believe this may be
 " true; and yet, alas! I fear, miserable
 " as I have long been, that I shall even
 " have Reason to repent my being known
 " to you."

" To me, Madam," says the Earl, " not
 " a little amazed! How can that be ap-
 " prehended?"

" My Lord," says she, " before I was
 " carefs'd and distinguished by your Affec-
 " tion and Goodness, before my dear
 " Child was rendered the happiest of
 " Women in the Arms of the best of Men,
 " I hourly wished for my leaving this
 " World: Now, alas! such is the Weak-
 " ness of human Nature, I fear your gene-
 " rous

“ rous Behaviour has made my Days so
“ agreeable to me, that I shall relinquish
“ this Life with Reluctance, and view my
“ Hopes of Heaven with more Indifference
“ than before.”

THE Earl, pleased with this Reply, could scarce express, the rising Tear hindering him, that such Apprehensions should not deter him from behaving in the same Manner, and wishing her Days may be many.
“ Happy, Madam, they shall be, as far as
“ human Means have Power” he said,
“ to make them so.”

AT these Words the Countess enter'd the Apartment; when the Earl ran to her, and catching her in his Arms, seized a Kiss, telling her how elegantly he had been complimented by her dear Mother: Then still pressing her to his Bosom, he said to Mrs. *Fairchild*, “ Is it possible,
“ Madam, for my grateful Heart to accomplish half the Happiness I wish to
“ impart to the Mother of this lovely
“ Woman; who has given me my all,
“ my dearest *Lydia* ?

“ HAPPY Parent! happy Daughter!” said the Mother, when Excess of Joy held their Tongues mute.

AFTER this Silence, the Earl, addressing himself to Mrs. *Fairchild*, said, "Madam, I wish you would assist me in prevailing on this rebellious Hussy, to decorate her Person with Jewels, as becomes the Rank she is now intitled to. Is there a Woman in *England* besides, who would refuse Five-thousand Pounds-worth of Diamonds, which I solicit to be permitted to present her?"

"My Lord," replied the Countess, "If that could make either you or myself happier, I would, with Pleasure, accept of them: Will your seeing me covered with Gems, create one Grain more of true Love for me?"

"No," says he, "that's impossible."

"To what Intent shall I adorn myself then?" she replied.

"To prove to the World how much I love you," says the Earl.

"My Lord, you give me and the World, what is infinitely a greater Proof of sincere Passion, than the Gems of *Indostan* can bequeath: Vanity even may induce

“ induce a Lord to decorate his Confort ;
 “ and many other Motives : But he that
 “ gives me his Time, who hears all I say,
 “ with Delight, and gazes on my Face
 “ with Rapture, bestows me the most
 “ essential Proof of sincerest Affection.
 “ Give me that Boon, and let whatever
 “ Wives that approve of them, receive the
 “ Bawbles of Finery from the Hands of
 “ their Husbands : She that truly loves,
 “ will think with me ; and she who does
 “ not, possesses a venal Soul, bought by
 “ falacious Presents, and is at Bottom
 “ open to the Purchase of every Man, that
 “ chooses to bid high for her Heart.”

“ VERY sublime indeed, Madam, and
 “ extremely sentimental. Will this con-
 “ tinue ?”

“ YES, my Lord, it will, I am sure ;
 “ because my Heart will not permit me to
 “ believe that you will ever desert me.”

“ GENEROUS Creature !” says the Earl.
 “ You think of me as I will deserve.

C H A P. LXXV.

The Countess's Opinion of Dress. Lady Flimsy's Arrival; and a Resolution to go to the Masquerade.

AT this Time there was a Masquerade preparing to be held at *Ranelagh*. The Earl press'd his Countess to go thither; and as the Ladies had intended making the most splendid Appearance, he desired she would be dress'd in the most magnificent and costly Manner. "Here you will be disguised; and Lady *Flimsy* will gladly be your Companion."

"My Lord," says she, "I shall soon be known, tho' disguised: And as I am myself already the Envy of many Women, who wish to enjoy the Happiness of your Consort; there may be many displeasing Things utter'd from behind a Masque, which the same Lips would not have Courage to pronounce with a bare Face; and this Finery will but distinguish me the more conspicuously the blazing Star of ill Omen to their Felicity."

DURING

DURING this Conversation, Lady *Flimsy* came to visit the Countess: When the Conversation continuing, the Viscountess said, “Madam, it is my Opinion, that
“ you will do well to see a Masquerade;
“ and I dare say one will suffice for your
“ Life; for to People who examine their
“ Pleasures, this can have no Charms to
“ create a Repetition.”

“ AT the same time, Madam, what you
“ say has much Truth in it: The Tongues
“ of Malevolence will snatch this Oppor-
“ tunity of invading the Ears of Inno-
“ cence, if you are distinguished by your
“ Dress. Therefore to avoid that disagree-
“ able Task, I will appear as the highly
“ decorated Person; and you as you please;
“ by which Means the whole Power of
“ their Malice against you, will be directed
“ to me; out of which we shall draw some
“ Amusement.”

It was then agreed, that Lady *Flimsy* should be dressed with great Magnificence; and Lady *Liberal* with great Simplicity; and that in this Manner my Lord should attend them to the Masquerade.

Mr Lady *Flimsy* had yet another View, which was, That of meeting Mr. *Sweetwood*, who she heard had followed her to Town, and intended being at *Ranelagh*; as he concluded the Viscountess would be present at this Entertainment.

THE Evening being [come, the Ladies prepared, and, accompanied by the Earl and another Gentleman, proceeded in their Coach to *Ranelagh*; where, what happened to be the Conversation and Incidents, shall be seen in the following Chapter.

CHAP. LXXVI.

Lady Betty Wrigle mistakes her Object, and meets a Defeat in her Raillery. Reflexions on the Characters at Masquerades, and that Entertainment. A Resolution.

HOWEVER, before we set the Company forth, we shall comply with the Request of those Ladies, who delight in descriptive Finery; Lady *Flimsy* was habited like *Diana*, in a pastoral Dress, of white
Satin,

Satin, with a Bow in her Hand, and a Quiver of Arrows on her Shoulders; her Fore-head was adorned with a Crescent of Diamonds; and her Head, Neck, and Bosom, decorated richly with Jewels; she had blacken'd her Hair, to give herself the greater Resemblance of the Countess. Lady *Liberal*, and the two Gentlemen, were in Dominos.

THIS Figure, so fine, soon attracted the Eyes of the Assembly, which was very numerous: At first, a thousand Guesses were made, who she could be; till, at length, it was universally agreed, she could be no other than the new Countess.

LADY *Betty Wringle*, beholding this Profusion of Diamonds, was not a little incensed against her happy Situation: For, in truth, it was the Expectation of Pomp and Dress, that had attracted this Lady's Liking to the Earl, and no sympathatic Sensation of true Passion, answering in Unison and Delight to the Touches of celestial Love in her Bosom.

SHE therefore determined to mortify her, as much as she could; and, as she believed herself unknown to the Countess, she was the more free in engaging in that Design.

SHE

SHE therefore began with Lady *Flimsy* (mistaking her Object) who had learnt her whole Proceeding with Mrs. *Mockmode*, and Mrs. *Clinch*, and knew her Voice.

“PRAY, Madam,” says Lady *Betty*,
“how does Mrs. *Clinch* do?”

“You can better inform me; Madam,” says the Viscountess, “as you are the
“Woman that have taken the Lodgings,
“which I left, I suppose.”

THIS was no very promising Beginning; however, being nettled with this Answer, she proceeded.

“You grow pert, Madam, since you
“have caught your Sea-Calf: Pray is that
“the Bow and Arrow with which you
“wounded the Monster.”

“MADAM,” says Lady *Flimsy*, “I am
“pert and proud too, in wounding that
“Heart which you shot at, and was invul-
“nerable from your Shafts.”

“I SHOOT at his Heart! Pretty little In-
“nocent; you will one Day bequeath that
“Crescent

“Crescent on your Head, to the Forehead
“of your Deeree, I presume.

“MADAM, he tells me he would rather
“have it from my Hands, than yours;
“but I shall endeavour to keep it myself,
“because I know you envy it me.”

“WHY, really Madam, you profited much
“by your Studies in *Covent-Garden*,” says
Lady *Betty*.

“THAT will be an Encouragement for
“you, I hope Madam, to ply there, and
“finish your Character, which wants only
“that to complete it.”

DURING this time, the Laugh ran high
against Lady *Betty Wringle*: She therefore
withdrew, with saying, “Train up a Child;”
“True,” says Lady *Flimsy*, “and you prove
“that when it is old, it will keep to the
“same Way it was bred in.”

THIS stroke of *old* was the severest of all;
for Lady *Betty*’s Years had already exceed-
ed the Game, and the Symptoms of old
Maid began to appear visible, or rather
too visible in her Face and Disposition;
she therefore sheer’d off, and changed her
Domino.

MR.

MR. *Sweetwood*, believing this splendid Figure to be Lady *Liberal*, concluded the other was Lady *Flimsy*; the Head of her Domino was up, to conceal her Hair; he therefore began with asking her when she left *Worcestershire*; Lady *Liberal* answered, with saying, “ she never was in that Country; you are mistaken, Sir, you take me for the Lady, whom you persecuted at the *Wells*: I suppose she has left that Country to fly your Impertinence, and you are following her. What you attempt a Dowager-Viscountess! A modest Country Squire indeed! a Lady of Honour for a Country Squire!”

LADY *Flimsy* hearing this, said, “ She could give him some Intelligence concerning his Fugitive; she is To-morrow Morning to be married to my Lord *Beef*, and is come to Town with that Intent; you imagine, I suppose, the World is unacquainted with your being forbidden her House.”

THIS Stroke was too interesting for *Sweetwood* to trifle with: He said, “ tell me, I implore you, Madam, whoever you are, if what you say is true, that I may fly
“ this

“ this Kingdom: I cannot bear to live,
“ and behold her in another’s Arms.”

“ POOR Love-sick Swain!” says Lady *Flimsy*, “ follow me, and I’ll explain the
“ whole Matter to you,” the Company that was with her, accompanying them; when being withdrawn into a Corner, she began to tell Mr. *Sweetwood* a Tale of well-imagined Falsehood, assuring him, that Lady *Flimsy* had abused his Passion for her, that she was seduced by the Love of Riches to marry Lord *Beef*, as he was called, and many other Things; all which being founded on Passages that he knew to be true, and heightened by Fancy, with much probable Circumstance, had a strange Effect upon him. “ And now, “ Sir,” says she, “ that you may not be “ induced to believe, that because this is “ said from behind a Masque, it con- “ rains nothing but Raillery, I will dis- “ cover who I am to you;” when just taking off her Masque, *Sweetwood* beheld the Face of her he adored.

How great and unexpected was this Discovery! The Tide of Joy, which had been ebbing from his Bosom, during this Relation, returned with such Impetuosity, it almost overwhelm’d his Soul; the Eyes of

of Lady *Flimsy*, the Masque being removed, like the Sun-beams, when an Eclipse passes off, darting Light, Heat, and Chearfulness through his whole Fabric.

SWEETWOOD then joined the Party.

DURING the Evening, Lady *Liberal* could not avoid drawing this Reflection from the ill Accord between the Characters and Dresses of the Masquers, "How little human Kind was acquainted with itself."

"WOULD that Harlequin," says she, "have been so dress'd, who is as ill adapted for it, as Sir *John Falstaff* for a running Footman, if he knew himself? or that *Arcadian*, who, instead of rural Innocence, has all the Marks of *Covent-Garden* in her Behaviour?"

"THERE'S a Devil," says the Earl, "without one Bit of Subtilty; a Quaker that damns me for asking him whether his righteous Spirit intends defending his Country, by Arms or not; and a Sailor, who does not know one End of a Ship from the other."

"THERE'S a Doctor *Faustus*, who, I am sure, is no Conjuror; a Hussar, who
" never

“ never drew a Sabre ; a Shepherd, who
“ makes Love in the Language of *Wap-*
“ *ping* ; and a Poet, without Verse or Re-
“ partee,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*.

“ THESE are all Proofs indeed,” says
Lady *Flimsy*, “ how much we are Strangers
“ to ourselves, and the Parts we are fit
“ for ; and I doubt not, but more than
“ one half of the Company act as prepo-
“ sterosly bare-faced in common Life, as
“ they do in Masquerade.”

“ AND lest we should catch the Infection,
“ let us retire,” says Lady *Liberal* ; “ for
“ I am thoroughly sated of this Folly and
“ Nonsense, and play the good Wives
“ without Disguise.” Which was accord-
ingly done. And thus ended the Masque-
rade.

CHAP.

C H A P. LXXVII.

A Return to the History of Lady Flimsy. The Description of her Lovers. Mr. Sweetwood's Anxiety. His Letter to her Ladyship; and her Answer. Some tender Escapes in the last Affair.

HAVING delivered *Lydia Fairchild* from her Distress, we hope, to the Satisfaction of all our Readers; and given exalted Virtue, the Reward, which every good Heart must be pleased to see; according to the true Narrative of our History, we shall now proceed to lay before our Friends what pass'd in *Worcestershire*, at *Fairland-Court*, the Seat of Lady *Flimsy*.

A RICH Widow is seldom destitute of Admirers; and when Beauty, Nobility, and Youth are joined to the former Qualification, it is less to be wondered at, that Suitors should throng in Crowds to offer their Tenders of Affection to such Persons.

IN Consequence of these Qualifications, *Penelope* had scarce more Suitors at her Palace in *Ithaca*, than *Arabella Viscountess Flimsy*, had at her Country-Seat; and, indeed,

deed, the Situation of these two Ladies was in some respects resembling each other; each of them being determined never to crown the Addresses of those who solicited their Affections.

NOTWITHSTANDING this Likeness between *Penelope* in *Greece*, and *Arabella* in *England*; the Situation of *Ulysses* and Mr. *Sweetwood*, were extremely different.

THE Hero of Antiquity, wandering thro' Perils, which kept him from being acquainted with what past at his own Court, and with his Queen; whilst Mr. *Sweetwood* was continually alarmed with the Intelligence of new Lovers; *Ulysses's* Pain arose from his knowing nothing of what befel the Idol of his Heart; and the *Briton's* from being too intimately acquainted with all that pass'd at *Fairland-Court*.

AND yet notwithstanding, the great Pain of each was owing to his being withheld from visiting the Abode of his Soul's Desires.

AMONGST the Lovers which tendered their Vows to *Arabella* Viscountess of *Flimsy*, were four more remarkable than the rest; the Herd being no more than the
Herd,

Herd, are not to be distinguished by any thing worth an Historian's Notice.

The first was Sir *Timothy Laughlound*, a Baronet of an ancient Family, of four-thousand a Year Estate; he was about thirty Years old, of a chearful Countenance, being six Foot high, and much inclining to be corpulent; his Knee had long been in a total Eclipse, by the Disk of his Belly, to his own Eye in a direct Position; but, as the Eclipses of old, by the Noise of Brass-Kettles, and other Instruments of Metal, it was restored to Visibility, by the Sound of the House-Bell, at the Time of Dinner; when, being obliged to seat himself, his Knee again emerged from behind that opaque Body which had concealed it.

NOTWITHSTANDING his Bulk, he was a great Fox-Hunter, and Adept in that Science which distinguishes the rational Being from the brute Creation; and proved himself syllogistically to be a Man in this Manner:

Major. "WHATEVER Animal is distinguished by Laughing is a Man."

Minor. "I AM an Animal distinguished by Laughing."

Conclusion. "THEREFORE I am a Man."

IN

IN this Manner of reasoning also he proved himself to be more a Man than any one alive; “for,” says he, “if Laughing distinguishes the human Kind from all the other Beings of the World, he that laughs most is mostly distinguished; and therefore, I that laugh more than any ten Men, am more a Man than any others to that Number;” in Proof of which, like *Yorick*, he often sat the Table on a Roar tho’ in another Way, by his own Laughing. Good Chear was his chief Delight, though he was rather better to precede than follow at a Haunch of Venison, being excellent at discovering the best Part, and as well skilled in dissecting it as the best Anatomist in Europe: Indeed, his being equal to ten Men was an Idea very apt to intrude into his Thoughts on this Occasion, and direct his Hand at the first Slice of this favourite *English* Viand, which sometimes created no little Surprize, and frequently no less Displeasure, in those of the Company who came after, and were not acquainted how many he was eating for.

HOWEVER, though, as hath been already said, most good Appetites would have chosen to go before him in eating, yet in drinking he was most admirable to follow;

and no Man in his Majesty's Dominions knew how to fill and circulate with more Grace and Expedition; the Bottle, like the Sun, keeping its perpetual Course, rising in one Part of the Circle, and setting in another: No *Joshua* ever bidding it stand still at his House, till the Battle was decided; the Host being equally prepared for nocturnal as diurnal Combats.

He was most admirable at the plain Joke, and single Entendre, constantly prefacing his Potation with that venerable Health which has for Ages held its Ground, and continued unrival'd in this Island, till the glorious and immortal King *William*, of ever pious Memory, introduced another, to his unspeakable Honour, to the Subjects of *Great-Britain*: In *Ireland* it remained supreme till the present P—e, with such exemplary Piety, fill'd the Throne of *A——b*. These Men, such is the Force of Novelty, and Power of Virtue, have converted the Hearts of some of their Subjects and Fellow-countrymen from the old Toast to the new, by which they have made them much more conspicuous Lovers of *Mankind*, and humanely considering the frail Nature of our Species, taught them to look, like the *Janus* of the Ancients, behind, as well as before, for their Pleasures and Toasts.

THE Introduction of this sole Improvement, has cost this Nation Millions of Men, and Millions of Money; all which is yet considered as cheaply purchased by Dissenters of all Denominations, throughout the Kingdom; so grateful are they to the crown'd Head, which introduced this new Blessing to the Nation; though the *Irish* seem to receive their Patron in this Affair in quite a different Light; but they are a dull Set of Beings.

THIS Baronet then had a Month's Mind to the Dowager Viscountess; his Heart, being deeply hidden in solid Flesh, was secured from the little Arrows of those Cupids, which lurk within the Dimples, and lye in Ambush in the Eyes of Beauty; like *Hudibras*, those Shafts which wounded him, were directed from that cunning Archer, who took his Stand upon the inviting Spot of her Jointure-land.

IN fact, he concluded, that more Estate would produce more good Chear, more good Chear more Company; and moreover the Venison of *Fairland-Court* Park was reputed to be of excellent Flavour; as a Woman she might bring him an Heir, and which was all he desired of her as a Woman;

man; he knew himself too well to imagine he should die of a Disappointment in Love.

THIS was the Foremost of the amorous Troop.

BESIDES this Gentleman, there was a sleek Divine, of the Church of *Worcester*, who came there only as a Visiter in Appearance, though secretly designing to sap the Citadel of Widowhood, and change the Governor of the Castle.

HIS Name was *Lurcher*; he was smooth and simpering in Speech, well formed, of a healthy Complexion, very white Teeth, and white Hands; to both which he was more attentive than to Prayers, and his Duty on Saints Days; never forgetting to pay his Devotion to the first, and scarce ever remembering to attend to the second.

THIS Gentleman played the Harpsichord well, and sung not amiss; he was preparing his Soul, and adapting it for the heavenly Mansions, by a close Application to the Study of Music, more than to Divinity; he was a Beau to the Extremity of divine Permission; his elegant Pumps were fastened by as elegant a hollow Silver-Buckle, at a Distance much resembling those set
with

with Stones ; his Stockings were of Black-silk ; his Breeches of Black-velvet ; his Waistcoat of Black-satin ; and his Coat a dark-grey, of the *French*-frock cut ; the Chiterlin of Lawn, waved down his Shirt-bosom, from a Neck most accurately plaited ; and round the Slits of his Wrists creeped a little solitary Fril of Lawn also, which only served to wake the Heart-felt Sigh, at viewing this diminutive Ornament. Alas ! it reminded him of the unhappy State of his two white Hands, which his inconsiderate and rash Vows of Religion had totally condemned to a severe Abstinence from all Lay-ornament.

HIS Peruke was priestly smart, and his Hat wanted but a Button to make it like that of other Mens.

He accompanied every Speech with a Smile (it seems he had been distinguished by Nature with a dimpled Cheek) and read a Play to great Perfection, quoted *Shakespear* with great Readiness, but was somewhat dubious in evangelical Citations, for which Reason he scarce ever risqued them. To balance this Failing, he was extremely learned in all the new Productions of the Year, and hit off an Epigram or a three stanzed Song with some Reputation.

However, to save himself the Drudgery of a Divine, he had purchased a Collection of Manuscript Sermons, warranted Originals, which had gained him the Reputation of a pretty Preacher; he was not much a Lover of the Bottle, but a constant Teadrinker with the Ladies; and tho' it must be allowed the Common-Prayer Book was as seldom found in his Pocket, as in that of any other Divine; yet, to his immortal Honour, he never defiled it with a Cork-skrew.

THIS *Enamorato's* Pursuit was not directed in a strait Line towards the Attainment of his Wishes; he acted an indirect and inferior Character, accompanied all he spoke to the Viscountess with a most peculiar Mark of polite Distinction, and heard all she said with the most profound Attention; he confirmed the Justice of her Remarks with Observations of his own, was all Obedience to whatever she desired, and sought every little Occasion to manifest the most disinterested Respect, without hinting the least Intention of his Design, whispering ten Thousand Admirations to those Ladies which were often in Company with the Viscountess, of her Understanding, Delicacy, Beauty, and other Perfections, extolling

tolling her playing the Harpsichord, and Singing, beyond every thing.

IN fact, he crept along the Zig-zag of Possession, which, like Roads cut from side to side down steep Hills, frequently lead more safe and surely, though less speedily than the strait Line, to the obtaining our Desires, and the Journey's End.

THE next Lover was Earl *Juvenile*, a Nobleman of Fifty in all Appearance, and according to his own Account; but his Calculation of Time, was neither agreeable to the *Julian* or *Gregorian*, the Old or New-Style: He had introduced into his Kalendar Leap-Year once in every six, of quite a different Nature from what is distinguished by that Appellation in the common Almanacs; for, whereas, in every fourth Year, in the vulgar Method of Computation, a Day extraordinary leaps into it, more than in the other three; in his Account a whole Year leapt entirely out of the Kalendar once in every six, by which Manner of Computation he was but fifty in his Style, and sixty in that of all others.

THIS Nobleman was one of the Buck-order of mortal Beings; no Man rid the

grat Horse, danced a Minuet, fenced, or perform'd his corporeal Exercises with more Applause than he had done during his Youth, or had been engaged in more Intrigues.

INDEED he had led a Life of Gaiety and Pleasure in his earlier Days, and yet was hale and active, especially after Dinner, when he had taken his almost a Bottle of Claret; there remained in him, walking or riding, Symptoms of his former Excellencies in those Exercises; and a certain animal Vivacity, very rarely found at such Ages and in Men of such Dispositions, was remarkable in him.

It seems he had for many Years passed the solitary Life of a Widower; but being now in his latter Spring, his Head ran upon a Wife, and his Imagination had a fresh Vegetation of matrimonial Desire; though most of his Friends believed the Produce would be but waterish, and want Sun-shine to ripen it.

THERE was also one favourite Subject in which he peculiarly delighted, and never seemed to be tired of, which was himself, and his own Exploits; every single Circumstance of his Life being, as he conceived,

ceived, an interesting Subject to the World; so very modest was he, and so little did he require from others in Conversation, that provided his Companions would but lend an Ear to his Tales, he was as much, nay more pleased with their Company, than if they had given him whole Hours of their Conversation, or talk'd like *Socrates* or *Demosthenes*; such was the Humility, and so small were the Expectations of this Nobleman.

HE required nothing but the Sense of Hearing from his Associates; and if they had been born dumb, provided they had not been born deaf too, he would not have thought it a Grievance, or want of social Faculties in his Companions, to have found Talking for the whole Company.

SUCH was this Earl, who was making his Addresses to Lady *Flimsy*; he was of a meagre Habit, and drest most flamingly fine in Gold-lace and Embroidery, like the *Glastonbury-Thorn*, crowned with Blossoms in the Winter of his Life; that is, according to the Opinion of those who reckoned by the *Gregorian* Style, and were ignorant of his internal Vigor and Manner of Computation.

THE last of the Four, which we have mentioned as distinguishable from the Herd, was one, whom the Laws of Honour will not permit us to style either Gentleman or Noble; being the reputed Son of a Duke, whose Mother had never been wedded, even so much as in the *German* Way, by the Left-hand, to his Grace. Yet, such was the perverse Disposition of the World, his Father, according to the Opinion of most, and particularly his Mother, who was deep in the Secret, was imagined to be a neighbouring Butcher, with whom the Lady, who had blessed the World with this Being, had formerly lived in much Intimacy; and such was her Benignity of Heart to her old Benefactor, that ever after, during Life, and her future Splendor, she was supposed to have retained a most grateful Sense of his former Kindness, and manifested it by every Favour in her Power.

NOTWITHSTANDING this rare Benevolence and Profusion of Goodness in his Mamma, so blind and inattentive was this Son to the Excellencies of his dear Parent, that in his Conversation he seldom mentioned her Name, because it seems her Virtues had been sullied by her being born the Daughter of an Hedge Ale-drab; but
then

then his Duty to his reputed Sire, I mean his Grace, was ever before his Eyes, and his whole Mind and Conversation were engaged in descanting upon that noble Original, from whence most People suspected he had not drawn one Drop of Blood.

ALAS! such is the undutiful Nature of human Kind, so little did the Virtues of his Mother, to whose Care of substituting a Butcher to a Prince his whole Happiness and Existence was owing, and so much the Nobility of his No-father, influence on his Mind and Behaviour.

THIS partial Attachment to Honour, beyond Virtue, however did not convince the World of his being honourably descended; for though his Grace was very fond of acknowledging him for his Son, yet there was a certain Argument which influenced very much on the Opinion of his Acquaintance, that the Slayer of Oxen was mightily concerned in the making him; this was a most remarkable Resemblance between him and the Butcher, and not the least between him and his Grace.

This Phænomenon, however, we are not so ignorant of the Operations of sensible

Objects on the human Mind, as to insist that it could take its Origin from no other Cause ; since we have ourselves heard it frequently asserted by the Mothers of Children, who have resembled a Friend or Neighbour more than a Husband, that this Likeness has taken its Rise from their earnest thinking on that Man at the Moment of Conception ; and this, as it has already frequently eased the Doubts of many a good Man, will, we hope, have the same Effect, and satisfy many of our Readers also on future Occasions of the like Kind.

THIS Resemblance, and some other Circumstances concurring, had given this neither gentle or noble Man the happy and distinguishing Appellation of my Lord *Beef*.

WE shall, however, describe his Person and Parts, and then leave it with all possible Impartiality to be decided by our Readers, to whom he was indebted for his Original, the Peer of the Realm, or the Slaughterer of Oxen.

NOR to be too minute in his Description, he had a peculiar Clumfiness from Head to Foot, which is not easily parallel'd by any Thing on this Side the *Arctic* Circle, and the

the Hills of *Lapland*; his Limbs seemed to have been formed without Articulations, with that unfinish'd Appearance, which has bequeathed the Elephant the Reputation of having no Joints; and indeed, his Manner of moving justified this Way of Thinking; his Knees seeming stiff in the Places of bending, like Hinges grown immoveable by Rust.

OWING to this singular Construction, it was, that in his walk he did not move forward in all Parts of his Body, like Men in general; but first in one Side, and then in another, like a Wheel-barrow set on its two Handles, which a Person directs from behind, by first advancing one Handle, and then another; his Head and Face were rather colossal than human; this Accident had induced many People to believe, that his Mother, during her Pregnancy, had longed for the Head of a large *Dutch Ship's* Rudder, or that of the Giant in *Guildhall*, which had communicated that Set of Features to her Offspring.

HE was extremely like a Statue after the first Chippings, which a Sculptor has thrown aside as not worth finishing.

NOTWITHSTANDING the singular Conformation of this Body, and these Features, they were most admirably adapted to the expressing the Dispositions of his Soul, the prevailing Faculties of the mental Part being conspicuously signified to all Beholders in the happy Union of Pride and Brutality.

So perfect was Nature in her finishing this favourite Production, she was determined that no Man should err in perceiving her Design; that nothing therefore might be deficient to proclaim to all Mankind the true Characteristics of the Tenant of this Body, she had presented him with a Voice that was rather a Gurl, like an old Lion gnawing a Bone, than a human Sound; so that every Word which he pronounced, however delicate the Idea might be which was annexed to it, created an Aversion in the Hearer, and lost its original Sense by coming from his Throat.

PRIDE and Brutality being his characterising Qualities, he was constantly engaged in Acts of Tyranny over his Domestics and Tenants, and long Conversations of his noble Descent, with all other People.

HE

HE was singularly remarkable in his Manner of considering Women. Beauty had no more Effect on his *Gothic* Organization of Soul, than Feathers on Diamonds.

HE conceived a Woman as a mere Machine to get Children upon, and that Man was turned loose amongst the Females of his Species, like a Bull amongst a Herd of Heifers, to propagate, without Preference, where Lust directs and dictates.

BUT as Money is subservient to the Ideas of Pride, and the Execution of brutal Power, he thought it worth while, on that Consideration, to tie himself nominally to one Woman, for the sake of possessing that prevalent Ingredient, and getting Heirs according to Law.

AS to all the tender Sensations of the human Heart, and sentimental Ideas of pure Passion in its utmost Perfection, the Delights of Souls, enraptured and combined, he was an utter Stranger.

YET, to do him Justice, he possessed some Philosophy, and was much a Stoic in one Sense of the Word; no Man on Earth being less moved by the Pleasures and Pains,
the

the Joys and Sorrows, which others knew, than this Man.

HIS own Feelings of the pleasing Kind were always manifested by Insolence and Triumph, and of the Displeasing by Rage and Blasphemy.

HAVING thus given a Sketch of this Person, his Soul and Body, let the World now judge whether he could owe his Original to a Being endowed with the characteristic Qualities of true Nobility.

THIS Man, however, had been left by the Duke, who was induced to believe him his Son, an Estate of three Thousand a Year: He had also taken it into his Head to conceive Lady *Flimsy's* Fortune a proper Match for his; in consequence of which he had appeared at *Fairland-Court*, to propose himself a Suitor, and prophane the Altar of Love by his pretending to sacrifice on it to that Passion.

THESE were the four Suitors who were forming Pretensions to the Person and Estate of *Arabella*, Viscountess of *Flimsy*: The Impressions which were made on her Heart by these humble Servants, was so exactly equal, that it was impossible for
 3 the

the nicest Hydrostatic-balance to decide which had the Preference in her Mind, and for this simple Reason, her being determined never to give the least Encouragement to any of them; to say the Truth, the Divine had kept his Design so much under his Subjection, that her Ladyship did not conceive the least Intimation of his Intentions, visiting her always in Company with Ladies from *Worcester*, on purpose to deceive the Eye, and hold still the babbling Tongue of Fame.

THESE Admirers of the Lady, or her Possessions, though they had not created the least Influence on the Heart of the Viscountess, had yet made no small Impression on that of Mr. *Sweetwood*; his Bosom was in eternal Palpitation, through Fear of losing all he loved.

FORBIDDEN, as he was, from visiting, and all personal Attendance, he was determined to write, and lay his Soul out upon Paper, though that Privilege had been denied him also.

IN Consequence of this Resolve, he wrote her the following Epistle:

MADAM,

MADAM,

“ If my Heart could with Patience sustain the inflicting Task you have ordained me, of being whole Ages absent from all I love, I would have done it to prove how much I adore you, without complaining even on Paper.

“ But believe me I find it impossible; in pity then to the most faithful Bosom, which ever entertained the true Passion of Love, receive this Letter, though interdicted, with Compassion at least; and if you vouchsafe me an Answer in this Moment of Distress, which may relieve my Anxiety, what celestial Benevolence must I deem it!

“ HARD Fate to be exiled from the only Land I love! like *Dives* to look into Heaven, behold you, be in Agonies at the Separation, and not have one Drop of tender Truth to soothe the Fever of my Soul.

“ How am I torn with Passions, which rend my Heart in Pieces by their different and distracting Powers!

“ WHY

“ WHY must those, whose Souls are un-
“ equal to the Bliss of Loving, be per-
“ mitted to gaze whole Days upon you ;
“ and I, without having once offended by
“ tasting the Joys which are interdicted,
“ doom'd to a more severe Fate than our
“ first Parent? though driven from Para-
“ dise, he possessed his *Eve*.

“ I fear, oh ! forgive me, I fear with all
“ that is angelic, you may be yet a Wo-
“ man: My suspicious Soul will not per-
“ mit me to hear of those who now visit
“ you, and feel a Moment's Quietude ;
“ consider what I once lost and suffer'd.

“ I TREMBLE, even through Dread of
“ the Success of those Men, whom I be-
“ lieve you contemn ; and having so much
“ to lose, am become sleepless in think-
“ ing of that Treasure which I am forbid-
“ den to watch.

“ Now let me implore you, Pardon this
“ Diffidence in me, shorten my Exile, or,
“ oh ! at least, exhort my feeble Heart, by
“ some tender Reply to this Letter, to
“ sustain its Anguish, and regain——
“ what shall I say?——that Confidence,
“ which

" which will never be complete till I
 " possess you all."

" I am,

" With eternal Truth,

" Yours, *J. Sweetwood.*"

THIS Letter was brought to the Viscountess; though she had absolutely forbidden Mr. *Sweetwood* from writing, lest that Intercourse being discovered, might give some Occasion to malevolent Tongues to satyrize her Behaviour; she received it with secret Pleasure, read it often, was pleased with it, and pitied his Distress. She wondered how he could suspect her of Infidelity to her Vows, in favour of such Men who now pretended to her; and yet her Heart felt a secret Satisfaction in his Fear of losing her: "In pure pity," says she, softly to herself, Love then cajoling and assuming that Shape, "I must answer this Letter: It would be inhuman, as these Men will continue to haunt me, not to assure him, that I am inexorable and immoveable to their Prayers and Pursuits; if I had not resolved to make him and myself happy, I think I might with Justice and Applause, even soften his Anguish,

“ Anguish, by assuring him, that neither
“ of these Men, who pursue me, shall be
“ preferred to him; but as I am truly and
“ justly engaged to him, as I am his, and
“ he is mine, it would be inhuman not to
“ return some Reply to this interesting
“ Paper, kissing it (at that Time) and
“ ease that poor Heart which throbs so di-
“ stractedly with Love on my Account.”

SHE therefore reply'd;

SIR,

“ THOUGH my Pride is a little piqued
“ on your suspecting me capable of Infi-
“ delity, yet I own your Letter brought
“ with it an Advocate, which effectually
“ effaced that Sensation.

“ The Disquietude of your Soul, how-
“ ever painful it may be, do you imagine
“ it more irksome than what I feel? Am I
“ the more happy in being divided from
“ you, because that Separation arises from
“ my Injunction? You can, at least, in-
“ dulse and foster the Thoughts of our
“ coming Happiness in solitary Silence;
“ whilst I, pester'd with the Conversation
“ of those I despise, am withheld from
“ that Pleasure; whose Designs, though
“ I am not ignorant of, yet, as they
“ have

“ have not hitherto sufficiently declared
“ them, I cannot forbid this House with
“ Decency.

“ No love-sick Maid ever longed with
“ more Enthusiasm for her Lover's Decla-
“ ration, that she might clasp him to her
“ panting Bosom, than I do for that of
“ the Earl, the Baronet, and the Beast
“ which is nick-nam'd Lord *Beef*, that
“ I may with Decency shut my Doors
“ against them.

“ THE happiest Moments of my present
“ Life are the Evening Walks which I
“ take alone on the grassy Avenue, which
“ winds along the Brook, that gurgles as
“ it runs amongst the Pebbles; there the
“ Sound of that Water, the Voice of every
“ Bird, the Shape and Colour of every
“ Object, is happily united with your Idea,
“ which alone gives me Delight, and is
“ constantly present to my Mind.

“ THE Moments will pass, which the
“ malevolent Custom and sarcastic Cruelty
“ of the World have put betwixt us, when
“ you shall be convinced that this Bosom
“ has never to this Day harboured one
“ Thought of tender Affection for any one
“ but you.

“ ALAS!

“ ALAS! I blush, when I recollect that
“ it is a Widow yet in Weeds who writes
“ this; but my former Misery, and my
“ former Lord, will plead my Excuse in
“ the Expression: These Ideas are prevail-
“ ing Friends in your Favour, and will
“ not permit this Heart to be twice duped
“ and seduced by false Arguments and
“ delusive Appearances, to wed what is
“ detestable, because the World gives
“ Sanction to the Choice of Titles and
“ Riches, in preference of Love.

“ I have too severely tasted the ineffectual
“ Powers of every Thing on Earth but
“ true Passion, to give a Heart like mine
“ the least Satisfaction.

“ Be at ease; no I do not wish you that
“ Indifference; believe only that I am in-
“ variably,

“ Yours,

“ ARABELLA FLIMSY.

“ P. S. Pray abstain from writing; you
“ know the Reason.”

THIS

THIS Letter gave much Ease to the
 anxious Breast of Mr. *Sweetwood*; he read
 it a thousand Times, and press'd it to his
 Lips with all the warm Enthusiasm of
 Love, yet every Kiss was terminated with
 a Sigh, in thinking that *Arabella* still was
 absent; "Fairland-Court is not six Miles
 "distant from my Abode, and yet the
 "Distance of the Poles cannot seclude
 "the lovely Inhabitant more effectually
 "from my Eyes: Ye anxious Minutes
 "which compose this Year, speed your
 "Wings a little faster, and relieve me
 "from Distress. Then Sleep whole Ages
 "if you will," says Mr. *Sweetwood*.

C H A P.

C H A P. LXXVIII.

Miss Molly Broadrib's Account of Lady Flimsy. Sir Timothy Laughloud's intended Declaration cut short by a rising Damp, which makes him deviate from Love to the History of his Bitch Comely. Earl Juvenile resolves to unbosom his Passion; a small Sparring between these two Suitors; they declare alternately; receive no Answer: The Baronet proposes to play at All-fours, bunt, or drink with the Earl for Lady Flimsy; refused; which is attended with a great Rupture.

THE Fame of these four Suitors, whom we have already given some Sketch of, was quickly spread over *Worcestershire*; Lady *Flimsy*, and these Gallants, made the Conversation of the whole Country; Mr. *Sweetwood* was considered as totally rejected; and, indeed, the Divine was hardly conceived as a professed Lover, but as a Kind of Grey-hound, which, though the slowest of the Course, very frequently catches the Hare from its being turned into his Mouth by Dogs, who, running fleeter, over-shoot their Game, and give him that Opportunity.

MANY

MANY female Tongues were let loose against Lady *Flimsy*, as having rejected Mr. *Sweetwood*. “Aye,” says Miss *Molly Broadrib* of *Worcester*, “you see this Lady’s
 “ first Lord has not yet tired her of being
 “ married to a Nobleman ; the World has
 “ been extremely busy in lamenting how
 “ unhappy she was, poor thing ! and how
 “ much she suffered in being divided from
 “ Mr. *Sweetwood*, during Lord *Flimsy*’s
 “ Life ; and now she’s a Widow I’ll en-
 “ gage you’ll see she’ll play the same
 “ Game over again, and marry the Earl
 “ of *Juvenile* ; she is as fond of Rank as
 “ the best of them, and a Countess is one
 “ Step higher than what she at present
 “ possesses : I admire those sentimental
 “ sighing Ladies, who pretend that Love
 “ alone is worth enjoying, and then wed
 “ an old Man of Sixty, when the Person
 “ she pretends to dye for, is dying for her,
 “ and nothing prevents her having him
 “ but her own Inclination. Poor *Sweet-*
 “ *wood* ! I pity thee, but it is no more than
 “ I have always expected ; I always said
 “ she was a Jilt.”

THIS was the general Conversation and Opinion which every Lady entertained, not forgetting to add some other sarcastic Strokes

Strokes on Lady *Flimsy*, who was considered as a Monopolizer in Love, and consequently not regarded very favourably by the other Females of *Worcestershire*.

As yet no one of these Gentlemen had broken his Mind, or declared his Intention to the Viscountess.

THIS did not arise from that Timidity, which often possesses the Hearts of those who are deeply in Love, and long prevents their Lips from uttering what their Souls are totally engaged in.

THIS State of the Mind speaks itself by ten-thousand Expressions more convincing than Speech; every Look and every Motion conveys the Ideas *I love* to those who are the Object of that Passion, till the throbbing Heart in Tumult and Surprise forces the Tongue to utter in Trembling and Disorder some rapturous Declaration of Truth, Love, Sincerity, broken and unconnected Speeches, which convey more Delight and pathetic Influence than the most studied and well-chosen Harangue to those whose Souls are in Unison with the Speaker.

The sole Cause of the Delay in each, was the want of true Passion, which, not prompt-
ing

ing the Bosom, had not suggested in what Manner to begin the Declaration; the Baronet had several times run the Risque of breaking his Neck at a Fox-chase, since he resolved breaking his Mind to the Lady, and yet was preserved from both.

ONE Day, however, he was determined to call for Wine very frequently at Dinner; and thus, by bracing up his Resolves to the true Pitch, most manfully declare the Intentions of his Visit.

Now whether this Effect was not happily produced, or the Baronet was mistaken in his Quantity and Feelings, it most unluckily happened, that just as he was opening his Mouth to declare his Passion for the Lady, he let the cold Air in upon his Heart, which, spreading a sudden and chilly Damp over his Resolves, absolutely checked the rising Declaration, and turned him all trembling from Thoughts of Love to ask her Ladyship “if she had never heard of
“his Bitch *Comely*, which he asserted was
“the best Fox-hound in all *England*, and
“I’ll run her, and my Pack, against any
“Gentleman’s, let the other be whose it
“will,” says he.

LADY

LADY *Flimsy*, who, from the preceding Uneasiness of his Countenance, and Restlessness of his sitting on the Chair, had perceived an Expectation of his asking what she should rejoice to deny, was most horribly disappointed by this Question; yet she could not avoid answering, with a Smile, that she had not the Honour of knowing his Bitch *Comely*.

THIS Answer struck the poor Baronet to the Heart; Rustic as he was, he perceived he had blunder'd in his Speech; but how to extricate himself from the Dilemma, was the Difficulty: Had he been surrounded with Five-barr-gates, corpulent as he was, he knew that Crop would have cleared him from the Inclosure; but hemm'd in, in this Manner, he was grown dizzy with the Situation, when, luckily at that Minute of Torment, he found Relief from his Rival, the Earl *Juvenile*, who was arrived to pay an Afternoon's Visit to the Viscountess. The usual Compliments passing between the Earl and her Ladyship, gave the Baronet Time to recover from his Amazement, and relieved him from his imminent Distress.

THE Earl approached her Ladyship with a Simper on his Face, and a Bow most respectfully performed, his Toes turned out in the Minuet Style, upright as a Plumb-line; filled with the false Vigor of a Bottle of Claret, and charged with Resolution to declare his Passion, which he vehemently believed to be real, not a little encouraged in that Thought by his Afternoon's Potation: The Presence of the Baronet, indeed, somewhat disconcerted his Design; however, he was extremely alert, and more than commonly active. After some little Conversation he deviated to that which was his Favourite, himself.

"MADAM," says he, "I believe no Man in *England* is a Match for me at Fencing; the best of them all, all the Masters in *London* allow me the best Fencer in *Europe*; I exercise every Day in Town; in the Country I find no one who can hold a Foil! Do you fence, Sir *Timothy*?"

"No," says the Baronet, "but I'll ride a Fox-chase with your Lordship for a thousand Pounds," conceiving the Question a little inclining to Malice.

“A Fox-chafe,” says the Earl, turning his Head, and looking with a Smile and a Wink on her Ladyship, “is hardly a human Employment, much less a Gentleman’s.”

Now the Baronet, though intimidated to his Soul, when about to speak his Mind to the Lady, was, by no means, afraid of declaring it to any Man alive.

“A GENTLEMAN’S,” says he, “why my Family were Baronets before yours was known to exist.” “What,” says he, “because Lords are now made as sudden as a Pair of Shoes, and of as bad Materials; do you imagine that ancient Families lose their Gentility. I am a Gentleman, and will assert it in any Lord’s Face in *England*.”

“HAVE a care Sir *Timothy*,” says the Earl, with a Smile, pretending great Coolness, “or I shall call you to an Account.”

“ME to an Account! Zounds, I’ll shoot at you, and you shall shoot at me for a Fort-night. What, does your Lordship think I am afraid of you? As to your Swords, I know nothing of them, but as

“to a Blunderbuss in a Saw-pit, have at you
“whenever you please,” replied the Baronet.

THINGS proceeding in this Manner, Lady *Flimsy* interrupted the Dispute by peremptorily insisting on their leaving her House, or discontinuing the Subject on which they were engaged.

IN Consequence of this a profound Silence ensued, the Earl depending on his Skill in the Sword, longing to run the Baronet through the Body; and Sir *Timothy*, knowing himself a good Shot, to blow the Earl's Brains out. It seems, to aggravate their Difference, the Earl and the Baronet were of opposite Parties, and opposed each other most cordially at every Election, in every Borough in the County.

THIS Bickering between the Earl and Baronet had thrown their Souls into vast Commotion; and though each continued silent, the Agitation within was expressed by the Signs in the Countenance, as plainly as a Brewer's Kieve fill'd with new Beer speaks the Fermentation below by the Head above.

EACH

EACH was now peremptorily determined to carry the Viscountess; but, as a nocturnal Passenger in the Streets of *London*, by avoiding the Houses may run against the Posts; or, as a Horse blind in one Eye, may fall over a Precipice on that Side, though he perceives very clearly what is passing on the other; so the Minds of these two Gentlemen, being either too partially influenced or blind on one Side, never consider'd, that though each of them might be vehemently resolved to wed the Viscountess, yet, that she being of a different Inclination, their Passions might run against a Post, or tumble over that Precipice, and be quite disabled from pursuing their Designs.

EACH, however, was determined to declare his Sentiments at this very Visiting; but to obtain that Opportunity to himself, and avoid giving it to his Rival, was a Matter of much Policy and Precaution, and might have puzzled the sage and political Head of our great Minister to conduct.

It happened, however, at this time, that each Hero was greatly press'd by an Occasion, which a true born *English* Woman would rather crack, than let a Man suspect

she is born with the Frailty of being obliged to do, though every one knows she must; and a *French* Dame would as freely perform before a male Creature, as she would take a Pinch of Snuff, or drink a Dish of Coffee.

THIS Distress then being only known to each Man's individual Breast; that is, the Earl knew the Weakness of his own Citadel, unsuspecting the Baronet's Condition, and Sir *Timothy* his without surmising the Earl's: Each, however, was resolute to hold out, though the Consequence might be fatal.

THIS Resolution cost them many a Heart-felt Twang, and grievous Wriggle; at length, the Baronet perceiving from the Liquor which he had swilled at Dinner, that it would find a Vent below, and that his Galligaskins, like Meadows when Rains have fallen abundantly on the Hills, were in imminent Danger of being flooded, to save that Disaster withdrew; but, in Imitation of St. Paul, when he kept Silence from good Words, it was Pain and Grief to him.

THE Earl seeing this Retreat of his Adversary, proclaimed an Ovation in his Heart; and

and the Moment the Baronet had left the Room, began;

“MADAM, you see what a Rustic that
 “Fellow is, he is really a Stranger to com-
 “mon Manners; is he not, my Lady, in
 “your Opinion, more a Brute than the
 “Horse he rides; and, by having followed
 “his Dogs so many Years, at last become
 “of the canine Species? Did not he bark,
 “Madam? What pity it is he is disgraced
 “with a Fortune! Methinks his Estate
 “rather renders him more shocking, as
 “one expects a better Appearance from
 “him on that Account.”

“He eats like a Cannibal, and drinks
 “like the Center-arch of *Westminster-Bridge*.
 “What a blessed Time a Lady must have,
 “who is the Bed-fellow of this delicious
 “Composition, like Sir *John Falstaff*, all
 “Guts and Midriffe:” Then softening his
 Voice, and bowing most respectfully, he
 continued;

“MADAM, permit me to lay my Soul
 “at your Feet—If I shall be made happy
 “in the Paradise of those Arms, with what
 “Joy shall I behold you presented to his
 “Majesty—shine superior at Court, at
 “your own and other Ladies Routs, Places

to which the Brute can never find Admission: Every thing that is gay, delightful, elegant, polite, and noble, shall attend your Call; and, I, Madam, will make the whole Pleasure of my Life the being devoted to your Ladyship's Service.

THIS brilliant Declaration was thus advancing, when the Baronet returned; it seems the Weight of Water, which had long pressed against the Flood-gates, had rendered them extremely difficult to be drawn up; however, after a short Groan, and putting his Shoulders to the Work, assisted with a small Curse on the Earl, the Obstruction was removed, the Stream gushed forth like a Torrent, and the Baronet was alleviated from the Danger of a Deluge; yet, not without much Regret for having given this Cause of Triumph to his Adversary.

Lucky, however, for Sir *Timothy* the Earl had not finished his Speech, and consequently had gained no great Advantage to himself; though he had started first, he had not won the Heat.

THE Baronet being returned, the Earl felt the Occasion too pressing to be longer refused;

refused; he, therefore, having partly discharged his Heart, was now determined to ease his Bladder also, and withdrew, walking perpendicular and alertly down the Room.

AND now, my bonny Baronet being seated, began, in his Turn, “Did your
“ Ladyship ever see such a Coxcomb of an
“ old Fellow? By—he is no bigger than
“ a Lath; I’ll warrant you that he is at
“ least seventy Years old, and all the
“ Country agree that he hath been dam-
“ nably pepper’d in his Time; his Estate
“ is mortgaged to the Devil, and his eldest
“ Son must inherit all he hath, he can’t
“ make an Inch of Settlement; he may
“ well talk of his Fencing, when a Man
“ may as easily hit the Edge of a Knife as
“ his Body.

“ WHEREFORE, my Lady, if your Lady-
“ ship will prefer me to him, by—I’ll settle
“ four thousand a Year upon you, as good
“ Land as ever Crow flew over, and all
“ your own Fortune to boot: Nay, more,
“ I’ll part with my Fox-hounds! Zounds
“ ’tis a brave Offer, wherefore I would
“ have you consider of it;” at the same
Time, suddenly catching her Ladyship’s
Hand, and looking earnestly in her Face.

Which Time for Consideration was much assisted by the Earl's entering the Room with a Hem, to show the Strength of his Lungs and Constitution, marching to his Seat with much perpendicular Parade, and turning out his Toes.

This unlucky Entrance disconcerted the Baronet, who expected a favourable Answer, and imagined her Ladyship would as certainly snap at it as *Quin* would at a Haunch of Venison, or *John Dorée*.

How dreadful is the State of human Kind on Earth! one Affliction no sooner passeth away, and the Soul is flatter'd with Hopes of brighter Hours at hand, than on a sudden the southerly Wind of Affliction, rises with grizely Mein, and dappled Wings, bringing Storms which darken the Sun-shine of the Mind, and involve the whole Soul in Turbulence and Tempest.

So it faired to the noble and semi-noble Gallant, each having partly eased his Heart, and entirely his Bladder, in that small Sun-shine that had appeared in his Favour; in which, though they had begun cutting down, they had not saved the Harvest of their Loves: New Pangs and Difficulties arose, which were no less than
who

who should give place to his Rival, and retire first, for neither of them had ever yet passed a Night in the House.

THE Earl's Seat was at three Miles distance, the Baronet's at seven; there remained, therefore, that each should tarry to see the other go first, which was impossible from the Nature of Things, and the Number two, that both should be able to precede or follow; nor were they in Amity sufficient like the two Kings of *Brentford*, *Simon* and *Jude*, or *Guildenstern* and *Rosincraus*, to be always inseparable.

HAD they thought of their Love, as two Members of Parliament of opposite Interests do of their Country, they might have departed together, and not left the House lessen'd in Understanding or Interest on either Side; but this Expedient never came into their Heads.

TO tarry last was the Resolve, which, being secretly conceived, was as silently concealed.

SUPPER being served and past, the Suitors seated on opposite Sides of her Ladyship, were extremely witty on each other, as the Glass vibrated like a Pendulum from one
to

to the other. The Earl, as being Court-bred, was more polite in his Raillery, and let off several pretty Crackers and smart Squibs on the Baronet, against Fatness of Body and Mind; and the Baronet returned them a little less spiritually against *Pharoah's* Lean-kine, and not paying Debts. At last, says the Earl, surveying him with Attention, and pitying his Horse, "Pray, "Sir *Timothy*, how many Stone do you "ride," "Two more than you do," replied the Baronet with a loud Laugh, "or "the World's a damn'd Lyar."

At these Words, the Earl, who understood *French*, being a little touch'd, pronounced in a kind of Under-voice, *Bête*; which the Baronet hearing, and taking it in the *English*, answered by, "Damn me if "I ever bate you a Hair, or any Lord in "*England*," accompanied with a loud Laugh.

It was now the Viscountess took leave, and wished these Gallants a Good-night, secretly hoping that some Accident might happen before Morning to justify her forbidding them the House.

Her Ladyship being retired, the two Swains, who were already advanced into a Situation

Situation not very pleasing to one another for themselves; surveyed each other with more than common Attention: The Earl, as he was without his Sword, thought it might be prudent not to provoke Sir *Timothy*, who was, by much, the strongest Man: And the Baronet, conceiving the Earl might have Pistols in his Pocket, because he had heard him say he never travel'd unarm'd, was under some little Trepidation from that Quarter; Discretion and Safety prevailing for a Moment over Love and Valour.

THIS Prudence produced a momentary Silence, and re-placed them on their Chairs; when the Baronet, who, from his last Speech, imagining he had gotten some little Advantage over his Adversary, began with, "My Lord, I suppose we are come here both on the same Errand. Now to prevent Differences, and as 'tis impossible that both can marry Lady *Flimsy*, if you will, we will amicably play a Game at All-fours for her, and let the Winner wear her."

THIS the Earl refused, with saying, "That it was the first Time a Viscountess was ever made a Stake at All-fours."

"I'll

"I'll ride a Fox-chase, or drink with you for her then," replied the Baronet.

"SIR," answered the Earl, "these are Diversions I know nothing of."

"BUT, if you like it, my Sword shall meet yours To-morrow Morning, to decide the Affair."

"What an Oak to a Bull-rush," says the Baronet: "No, no, I'll Blunderbuss you in a Saw-pit, if you will."

"YES, you will Blunderbuss me indeed," says the Earl *Juvenile*, tauntingly; "S'blood," answered the Baronet, "who do you Blunderbuss? I am of a better Family than you, notwithstanding your Title; my Estate is my own, and I owe no Man a Shilling that I cannot pay every Minute of my Life," clinching his Fists.

AT these Words, and the Look and Action which accompanied them, the Earl suspecting an Attack from the Baronet's two Hands, rung the Bell, which, like the Tocksin in foreign Countries, summoned a Servant to his Assistance.

THE

THE Servant being entered, he told him he should be glad to be shown where he must sleep, for I think it too late to return home to-night. The Servant, as he was ordered, told him he was very sorry for it, but there was really no Bed in which he could sleep. At this Answer the Baronet gave the Hunter's hollow, Tallihoe, which made the Room shake again, and swore he would lye in the Stable upon Straw, rather than quit the House that Night.

THE Earl then changing his Resolve of staying, not thinking his Love warm enough to prevent his catching cold, without being in a snug Bed, called for his Servants, and bid them get his Horses ready; which being done, he took his Leave with a Nod to the Baronet, saying, "you shall hear from me, Sir."

"WITH all my Heart," says Sir Timothy; "Tallihoe, he's gone! he's gone! To him! to him! Honies, to him!"

THE Earl being withdrawn, the Baronet began to think of returning home also; but then, as he was to pass before the Earl's House, he was most dreadfully afraid of some Ambuscade in the dark, and therefore,

fore, determined to remain where he was, and sleep in the Arm-chair; which Resolution he accordingly put into Execution. And here, whilst the Baronet is napping, we take the Opportunity to close a long Chapter.

C H A P. LXXIX.

The terrible Effects of a Dream on Sir Timothy Laughloud.

SIR *Timothy* then having told the Servants his Resolution of a Nap in the Arm-chair, bid them leave the Bottles and Glasses on the little round Table before him, and retire to Bed; "I shall do well enough," says he, "never fear me."

HAVING seated himself, and taken a solitary Glass of Wine, which, tho' he loved it least in Company, he was no Enemy to alone, he closed his Eyes, and surrendered himself into the silken Embraces of Sleep. As his Imagination had been a little flurried by the Earl, and, as it is natural, that what has affected the Mind by Day,

Day,

Day, should be the Subject which possesses it by Night also; the Baronet's Eyes were scarce closed an Half-hour, when the Earl *Juvenile* appeared before him with all the Horror of his Sword drawn, in a Posture of attacking him.

THIS ghastly Appearance rousing him from his Sleep, he started suddenly from his Chair, with the Sound of Murder; and rushing forward, overset the Table, the Bottles and Glasses accompanying him in the Fall, and came down with horrid Din upon the Floor.

THE Sound alarmed the Servants, who were not yet gone to Bed; on which one of them entered, and found the Baronet on the Floor, not yet recovered from believing that he was run through the Body by Earl *Juvenile*, and calling him cowardly Son of a B——h to attack him in his Sleep.

BEING re-instated in his Chair, he was, at length, persuaded that the whole was a Dream; however, though the Earl's Sword had not wounded him, the broken Bottles and Glasses had done him that Favour, and left some small Marks in his Face, which, being washed with Rum, were left in that Condition; the Baronet declaring that black

black Plasters were effeminate, as they resembled Patches. After this, he took another Glas of Wine or two to re-instate his Courage, and once more resigned himself to Sleep, ordering one of his own Servants to remain in the Room with him; "Who knows," says he, "but this Son of a W—e of a Lord may attack me again in my Sleep."

THE second Sleep being sounder than the first, we have nothing to say farther on that Matter, but to conclude the Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. LXXX.

Lord Beef makes his Appearance; his laconic and indelicate Love, followed by the smooth and insinuating Speech of Parson Lurcher. Venus, in pity to Mr. Sweetwood, assists him: He is metamorphosed to a Pedlar, and turns Conjurer. Samples of his Skill, and Lord Beef's Behaviour.

THE Morning being come, Lady Flimsy was acquainted with what had passed during the Night; at which Recital she could not avoid smiling; but when the Baronet entered to ask her how she did, it was impossible to refrain from a loud Laugh; his Face, with the Wounds in it, looked exactly like a Buttock of Beef, just cut to be stuffed with Parsley; the Cuts running in vast Variety of Directions.

“SEE, my Lady,” says the Baronet, “what I have suffered on your Account.”
 “On my Account! How so? pray, Sir
 “*Timothy*,” says her Ladyship.

“‘SBLOOD,” says he, “whilst I was
 “sleeping in the Arm-chair by the Fire,
 “after the Earl had taken his Leave, (it
 “seems

“ seems his Love will not keep him warm
 “ out of a good Bed) he returned again,
 “ and standing before me with a drawn
 “ Sword, swore he would kill me if I did
 “ not renounce all Pretensions to your
 “ Ladyship: Upon which, rising to seize
 “ him, I fell over the round Table, and
 “ throwing down the Bottles and Glasses,
 “ cut myself as you see.”

“ BUT I mind it not; I saw him out.
 “ Your Ladyship, I hope, will consider
 “ him as a Flincher in Love.”

BEFORE an Answer was returned, Word
 was brought, that the Person, who was
 known by the Name of Lord *Beef*, was
 come to Visit her Ladyship; this was the
 second Time of his visiting: And soon af-
 ter, the Divine, and a *Worcester* Lady in a
 one Horse-chair, arrived also; and not long
 after, being fresh spruced up and cleaned,
 the Earl of *Juvenile* himself with his Sword
 on.

My Lord *Beef* was come with Resolution
 to declare his Errand very cavalierly; he
 considered the Earl as an old Fellow, whom
 no Woman could consent to marry; and
 the Baronet as an Animal below all Notice
 of a Woman of Quality, as bearing no
 Kind

Kind of Competition with a Duke's natural Son: Besides these Considerations, he had no more Respect for Beauty and feminine Delicacy, than a Cat has to the King's Throne; and was as impudent in his Behaviour to all Mankind, as a Bailiff, or even a Quaker.

HE was therefore determined not to dally about the Matter, or demean himself with the Disgrace of dangling after a Woman; Love, the spiritual and refined Passion of superior Souls, was as little known to his Heart, as Music to the Giants in *Guildhall*. He was therefore determined to know his Answer this very Visit.

BEING introduced to the Company, he was, at first, a little chagrined to see the Earl and Baronet; but, however, the Accident of their being present, he was resolved, should not prevent his Design; as to the Divine, he did not suspect him of entertaining so presumptuous a Thought, as that of addressing the Viscountess of *Flemby*.

AFTER having been half an Hour in Company, Lord *Beef* took an Occasion to withdraw, and sent a Servant to her Ladyship, with a Message, that some one desired to speak with her.

THIS

THIS Summons her Ladyship obeyed, without knowing from whence it came; but her Surprize was not a little increased, when she perceived that it was my Lord Beef, who had required her Attendance in a separate Room.

“YOUR Pleasure with me, Sir,” says her Ladyship, with some little Air of Resentment, guessing the Occasion, and feeling the Manner of the Treatment.

“MADAM,” says he, “I have sent for you, to tell you that I am come hither to offer you my Service, and to marry you if you think fit; our Estates lye very convenient for each other, and your Quality will not be lessened by a Duke’s Son: As to the other Fellows, that old worn-out Earl, and that fat bellied Baronet, I am sure your Ladyship has too much Sense to think of marrring either of them; one is less than a Man, and the other more: So, Madam, if you approve of it, you may forbid them the House to-day, and we may conclude our Nuptials as soon as possible.”

“INDEED, Sir,” replied the Viscountess, “you surprize me by this frank Declara-
tion

“ tion of your Passion ; but I am absolute-
 “ ly astonished at your Intimation of having
 “ me turn Gentlemen from my House
 “ with ill Manners.

“ I HAVE been once, Sir, already miser-
 “ able in Wedlock, and, believe me, I
 “ shall never resolve to enter on a second
 “ Marriage with any one, till I know
 “ something more favourable of him than
 “ I can of you, by twice being in your
 “ Company.”

SAYING this, she returned to the Com-
 pany, not a little resenting the brutal Air
 with which she had been treated, and the
 vulgar Idea which he had conceived of her,
 by imagining she could suffer such indeli-
 cate Behaviour.

“ AM I,” says she to herself, “ like ” a
 “ Horse to be seen, liked, and bargained
 “ for ? This Man, indeed, is truly formed
 “ with all the sentimental Feelings of a
 “ Lover ; happy must that Woman be
 “ who is linked to this Companion for
 “ Life !”

My Lord *Beef*, not at all disconcerted,
 though somewhat disappointed, soon fol-
 lowed, and joined the Company.

THE Lady, who came with Mr. *Lurcher* the Divine, being in the Secret of his Intentions, asked Lady *Flimsy* "if she would walk "in the Garden before Dinner," which, being agreed to, Mr. *Lurcher* took the Opportunity of following, and left the three Lovers in solemn Silence.

HER Ladyship, who, to this Hour, had never suspected the Design of the Clergyman, began, with saying, "Madam, do "you believe any Woman is so pester'd "with three such Lovers as I am; the "Manner in which each treats me is beyond all bearing; each, without once "intimating the Happiness which I may "communicate to them, is bidding for "me like a Heifer in a Fair or a Borough, "to be sold to Members of Parliament: "Not one of them conceives the least Idea "of what is to constitute the essential Happiness of human Kind.

"THE Earl's Plan of Happiness is to "shew me about from Courts to Routs, "Operas, Plays, and public Places, wizen'd "out as fine as a new May-pole for the "World to dance round. The Baronet's "to sleep in the same Bed, eat at the same "Table, increase his Interest in the County, and

“ and lord it over the 'Squires. That Brute,
“ Lord *Beef's* is no more than to possess my
“ Fortune, accompanied with the Circum-
“ stance which attends every Female upon
“ Earth; like a Breeding Mare, I am
“ to be kept for my Foaling only. Some
“ Way shall be found to free me from this
“ Persecution.”

“ INDEED,” says Mrs. *Cudle* (which was
the Lady's Name) supported by the Divine,
“ your Ladyship is in the right of it.”

“ For my part,” says Mr. *Lurcher*, “ I
“ am incapable of conceiving a more miser-
“ able Situation, than that of being obliged
“ to be present with what must be odious to
“ every refined Soul, form'd like your La-
“ dyship's. The priggish Affectation of yon
“ thin old Coxcomb, the Earl, is so insipid
“ and irksome, that it is intolerable. At the
“ same time that gothic Rusticity of Sir *Ti-*
“ *motby* is so nearly approaching to Rude-
“ ness, that one's Mind is in eternal Uneasi-
“ ness about what his Lips will pronounce
“ next. And as to Lord *Beef*, his Brutality
“ is such, that he looks more terrifying than
“ Assassins in Tragedy. He is the Death-
“ Warrant of all Joy.”

“ THEIR presuming on their Titles or
“ Estate is to the greatest Degree prepos-
“ tuous. Your Ladyship enjoys more than
“ sufficient for the Happiness of this World,
“ and have already tasted the bitter Cup of
“ marrying Nobility.”

“ SWEETNESS of Manners, tolerable Per-
“ son, Knowledge of Literature, and Love
“ of Music, are the Qualifications of human
“ Kind, which promise the greatest Prospect
“ of Happiness in the connubial State ;” this
he pronounced with an insinuating Look and
tender Expression, when the Bell rung to
summon them to Dinner.

HER Ladyship, however, from the latter
Part of the Speech, perceived the Divine was
attempting his own Picture, and for the first
Time began to suspect his Design was of the
same Nature with the others, tho’ conducted
with Decency and Address.

THIS Discovery had no other Effect on her,
than to wish the painful Minutes which com-
posed the Year of Mourning were entirely fled
(indeed nine Months were now past) when
Mr. *Sweetwood* might be received openly,
and their Souls happy in each others Pre-
sence.

DURING

DURING these nine Months, Mr. *Sweetwood* had constantly retained one of Lady *Flimsy*'s Servants to his Interest, who had sent him Intelligence of what pass'd in the House. This Morning that Man had dispatched a Messenger to *Sweetwood-Hall*, with an Account of what pass'd the preceding Night, and what Company was then at *Fairland-Court*. The Distance between these two Places was but small.

AT the Reception of this News, Mr. *Sweetwood* was seized with great Impatience to see how Lady *Flimsy* behaved to her Suitors, to discover if no one was favoured above the other. It seems he had as much Apprehension from the Artifice and Insinuation of the Divine, as from the Estates and Titles of the other three. His Soul, though at the Bottom convinced of Lady *Flimsy*'s Fidelity and Affection for him, was yet not satisfied. Anxiety and Jealousy, though not the gross material Passion, was too restless to permit his Bosom to be at Ease; like a Miser, who, notwithstanding he is convinced that he has concealed his Treasure from the Knowledge of all Mankind, yet his Love for it eternally solicits him to visit the Place where it is hidden.

NOTWITHSTANDING this vehement Propensity to behold the Face of her he loved, the Difficulty of Admission into the House, and then into the Presence, of the Lady undiscovered, was not lessened by his Desire.

THIS Obstacle appeared at first insurmountable: But *Venus*, ever propitious to all her faithful Votaries, sent him the happy Means of accomplishing his Design. *Cupid*, disguised in the Shape of a Jew who travels with a Box of Toys, was dismissed by his Mamma to the House of Mr. *Sweetwood*; and at this time was asking him, if he would buy any Thing in his Way.

THE same good Mother of the Loves, at Sight of this itinerant Trader, suggested the happy Thought, that by means of this Box under Pretence of selling the Wares it contained, together with disguising his Person, he might find Admittance, and observe what was transacting by the Suitors at *Fairland-Court*; and satisfy himself, whether Lady *Flimsy* was in Danger of being prevailed on by either of those Men who addressed her.

HE therefore proposed, and soon agreed with this Traveller to lend him his Box, his Cloaths, Wig, Hat, and Apparel of all Sorts:

By

By means of which, with the Addition of an artificial Beard, and blackening his Eye-Brows, though he should not, like *Æneas*, be rendered invisible, he hoped to become totally unknown to Lady *Flimsy*. In this Disguise he resolved to attempt being introduced to the Company at *Fairland-Court*.

DURING this Time, the Baronet having discerned the Earl's Indignation by his Side, Fear struck his mighty Stomach through Apprehension of what might happen; he therefore dismissed his Servant with all Expedition to his own House for a Brace of Pistols, not thinking himself safe, till he had gotten his cold Iron, which was to oppose that of the Earl's, in case of Attack. These being brought, and secretly pocketed, his Mind became tranquil, and all was well again.

DINNER being past, the Servant, whom Mr. *Sweetwood* retained in his Favour, entered with saying, there was a Jew without who sold Jewels and other Toys, that would be proud to have the Honour of showing his Wares to her Ladyship.

THE Baronet took upon him to reply, and bade the Servant to send him in. *Sweetwood* then, disguised, entered with his Box,

his Legs trembling beneath him at the Sight of the Viscountess. When approaching her, he asked, if she would chuse to purchase a Diamond Ring, Gold Watch, Snuff-box, or any other Toy.

THE Earl immediately would have presented her the best Diamond Ring; Lord Beef a Gold Snuff-box; and the Divine chusing the Ring of most Taste, tho' small Value, desired her Ladyship to accept what his little Revenue would afford. Sir *Timothy* cried out, "take what you will, take the whole Box, my Lady, I'll pay for it."

"I am much obliged to you, Sir *Timothy*, and to all of you," says Lady *Flimsy*; "but I never receive Presents from Gentlemen, lest they should imagine I have laid myself under an Obligation of returning more than I think the Value of it."

THIS Answer gave *Sweetwood* infinite Delight; though it displeased none, by preferring an Individual to the rest, it gave no greater Expectation of Success to one, than to all.

"My Lady," says the Jew, "here is a Diamond Hoop-ring, which I could wish to see put upon your Finger by the Man
" you

“ you love. There is a Heart that I am sure
“ pants with true Desire for that happy Minute.”

“ You wish to see that Ring put on my
“ Finger!” says Lady *Flimsy*, a little embarrassed; “ Pray whence have you that
“ Desire?”

“ MADAM,” replied the pretended Jew,
“ it is not possible to behold your Face, and
“ not be deeply interested in wishing you
“ all possible Felicity.”

“ THIS is the politest Jew I have ever
“ seen,” says the Viscountess.

“ PRITHEE *Ismael*,” says the Earl,
“ does that Beard assist you in your Trade,
“ as it does *Liotard*. Methinks it would do
“ better for a Conjuror than a Hawker.”

“ I am a Conjuror, and can tell you your
“ Fortune,” answered the Jew.

“ AYE, pray let me hear it,” says the Earl.

“ LET me see your Hand,” says the Jew.
When pretending to look in his Lordship’s
Palm with great Attention, he said, “ I per-

“ ceive, my Lord, from these Lines, with
“ all your skill in the Sword, you will ne-
“ ver pierce the Heart of the Lady you are
“ at present aiming at.”

“ WELL said, Jew,” cried Sir *Timothy*.
“ Here, tell me my Fortune,” giving his
Hand to look upon.

WHEN pretending to consider his also,
he said, “ You, Sir, will never catch the
“ Game you are at present pursuing; be-
“ lieve me, your Hounds are on a wrong
“ Scent.”

“ WELL,” says Lord *Beef*, “ Sir *Tim-*
“ *othy*, you are answered. What’s my For-
“ tune, Fellow,” holding forth his Hand.

“ I can tell your’s by your Physiog-
“ nomy; there’s no need of seeing your
“ Hand,” says the Jew.

“ WELL then, what is it, tell me Fel-
“ low,” says *Beef*.

“ As sure as ever your Father fell’d an
“ Ox, you’ll miss what you think to pos-
“ sess.”

“ ON

“ ON my Conscience, the Jew is a Wit
“ as well as a Conjurer,” says Lady *Flimsy*.

“ SIRRAH,” says Lord *Beef*, “ you are
“ impudent. I shall tear your Beard.”

“ NOT in my House,” says Lady *Flim-*
sy.

“ NOR in any other, I am sure,” an-
swered the Jew. “ I can as well discover
“ his Courage by my Skill in Magic, as his
“ Fortune in Love, and know him to be ve-
“ ry cool in both. Notwithstanding which,
“ I am vastly obliged to your Ladyship for
“ the Honour of your Protection; though
“ I am under no Apprehension from his
“ Valour.”

“ SIRRAH, I shall chastise you,” mut-
tered Lord *Beef*, as he left him.

THE Divine then asked this Conjurer, if
he would favour him with telling him his
Fortune.

WHEN pretending to consider his Hand
with great Attention, he said, “ your’s,
“ Doctor, is of the same Stamp with what
“ I have already related to these Gentle-

“men. You make your Approaches with
 “more Art, perhaps; but the Moment
 “your Attacks are discern’d, you will meet
 “with the same Fate with the other Affail-
 “ants.”

THE Divine blushed with Confusion, and
 said, “he did not understand him. In-
 “deed,” added he, “there is one Proof of
 “your being a Conjuror: You resemble
 “the Oracles of old, by the Ambiguity of
 “your Expressions.”

“Ask your Heart; is it not conscious
 “that I have told you the Truth,” says the
 Jew.

THE Viscountess then ask’d him, if he
 could reveal her Fortune.

“YES, Madam,” says he, “but not to be
 “over-heard by prophane Ears. There are
 “other Ways of discovering your Fortune.
 “I have a little Magic Glafs in my Pocket,
 “which shall shew you the Face of that Man
 “who loves you to Distraction; and if the
 “Opinion of a Conjuror may be believed,
 “who merits a mutual Return.”

“THIS must be something very extra-
 “ordinary, indeed; pray give it me,” says
 Lady *Flimsy*.

“ON

“ ON Condition that no one but your
“ Ladyship casts an Eye upon it, I will.”

“ THAT you may depend on,” answered
the Viscountess.

Sweetwood then taking from his Pocket a
Miniature Picture of himself, which he had
had painted with Design to present it to
Lady *Flimsy*, set in black Shagreen, gave it
into her Hands.

WHEN opening the Box, and beholding the
Face of *Sweetwood*, she could not abstain from
crying out, “ Good Heavens!” Struck by
Surprize with this Picture, which he had
given her, concluding that he must really be
skilled in discovering Futurity, and know-
ing the Secrets of the human Heart.

THE Company alarmed, asked the Cause of
her Ladyship’s shrieking. She said, “ No-
“ thing but a sudden Pain shooting a-cross
“ her Breast. When turning to the Jew,
she asked him, “ if he would sell that Ma-
“ gic Glass which has such extraordinary
“ Power; because, says she, I will never be
“ without it in my Pocket. It will afford me
“ the highest Consolation, when I am alone.
“ I shall be extremely fond of it.”

AT

AT these Words *Sweetwood*, thrilled thro' with Joy, would have presented it to her Ladyship; but recollecting that it must be his Discovery, he answered the Price was Five Guineas. When Lady *Flimsy* taking ten from her Purse, said this Sum was infinitely too little for so great a Curiosity. Indeed she had at the Moment of receiving the Portrait, discovered that Mr. *Sweetwood* was disguised in the Jew; and Love had dictated this polite Answer, to prove to him, how much he was truly the Object of her Affection. He was then dismissed; but not till the Earl desired another such Glass.

“ Sir,” says *Sweetwood*, “ I can furnish you
 “ with one which is ready made, to fit your
 “ Constitution. Every Disposition must
 “ have a different Kind of Glass. As that
 “ Magic Mirror has discovered to that La-
 “ dy, what I wish her to love preferable to
 “ every Thing on Earth, because the Per-
 “ son, whom it represents to her Eyes, adores
 “ her. Here is another,” taking a com-
 “ mon Pocket Glass from his Box, “ which
 “ will shew your Lordship the only Object
 “ that you are truly enamoured of. Give
 “ it me,” says Earl *Juvenile*. “ Sir, I am
 “ always paid, before I deliver these Kind
 “ of Goods,” says *Sweetwood*. “ The Price
 “ for yours is Three Guineas.”

THE Money being paid, the Earl opening the Glafs, beheld his own Face; which genteel Satire, though his Lordship did not like it, he put up, with faying, "he was
"pleased with the Object and the Bar-
"gain."

"WELL Jew," fays Lord Beef, "have
"you any thing for me."

"YES," answered Sweetwood, "a Spy-
"glafs, which, if you would behold your-
"self with the End that diminifhes all
"Objects, might be of great Service to
"you; but you are not to be trusted with
"fo dangerous an Instrument; you will
"be looking through it the magnifying
"Way, and fancy yourfelf, even ten times,
"bigger than you do already, which is
"ten times larger than you ought."

"RASCAL, I fhall pull your Beard off
"for your Infolence," fays Lord Beef,
"ftopping up to him.

AT which Words, Lady Flimfy fcrieked
out, and ftopping forward, defired him not;
trembling for her Lover, left he fhould be
difcovered: "You have provoked him to
"it," fays ſhe to Lord Beef. What Man
"can

“ can bear the insulting Names you have
“ given him ?”

“ You are sacred in this House,” says
Sweetwood to Lord *Beef*, “ but in another
“ Place I would have taught you better
“ Behaviour.”

THIS Answer alarmed the whole Com-
pany, when the Viscountess desired the Jew
to withdraw:

“ MADAM,” says he, “ your Commands
“ shall never be a Moment delay’d by me;”
when bowing very politely, he withdrew.

THE Company agreed there was some-
thing very singular in that Man, which was
not to be found in People of that Rank;
particularly the Divine, who said “ he be-
“ lieved he was an Impostor.” Lord *Beef*
insisted upon it, “ that he was a *French*
“ Jesuit in that Disguise, travelling as a
“ Spy upon the Nation;” which Sentiment
was agreed to by all the Men of the Com-
pany; when Lord *Beef*, being a Justice of
the Peace, talked of examining and com-
mitting him to Jail.

THIS, however, was prevented by the
Lady of the House; *Sweetwood* returned
to

to his Home, his Bosom fill'd with Rapture,
when he gave the real Jew his Box, and the
three Guineas which had been paid him for
the Pocket Looking-glass. And in this
Manner ended this Affair of his Visit.

C H A P. LXXXI.

*Much Business in a short Chapter; being no
less than the Dismission of three Lovers.*

LADY *Flimsy* being determin'd to be
no longer harrass'd with the imperti-
nent Pursuit of these three Men, the Earl,
the Baronet, and Lord *Beef*, (the Divine
was gone back to *Worcester*) and feeling,
with treble Disgust, the selfish Object of
their pretended Passion to be her Fortune
only, undertook the hardy Resolution of
freeing herself from the Impertinence of
their Company that very Evening.

SHE, therefore, after Supper, took Occa-
sion to say, " My Lord, and you Gentle-
" men, who have honour'd me with de-
" claring your Passion, lest I may be ac-
" cused of treating you not alike, as I
" esteem you all alike, I here intreat it as

" a

“ a Favour, that you would never Visit
 “ me more with that Intent, being deter-
 “ mined to persist in my Resolution of
 “ never being married to either of you :”
 When rising, and dropping a Curtesy, she
 took a Candle, and withdrew.

THE three Lovers being in Amaze, a
 general Silence ensued ; during which we
 seized the Opportunity of concluding the
 Chapter.

C H A P. LXXXII.

*Sir Timothy recovering from this fatal Affair,
 makes the first Speech, and exhorts the Com-
 pany not to double Misfortunes by leaving
 their Liquor, and losing their Mistress.*

THE first that recovered his Speech
 was the Baronet, by crying, “ she’s
 “ gone ! she’s gone to her Honies !” The
 Pride of Earl Juvenile, and Lord Beef,
 did not bear it so easily ; they were so
 greatly irritated, that they rose to call for
 their Horses immediately.

SIR

SIR *Timothy* then insisted that no one had Reason to complain, since all were treated in the same Manner; “if the Lady likes us not, let us,” says he, “as it becomes honest Fellows, sit down, and take a Bottle a-piece to her Health, and show her Ladyship, that though we can neither of us have the Happiness of being married to her, yet we part good Friends, and wish her a good Husband; and here it goes, with all my Heart, in a half-pint Bumper of Claret; ’tis a thousand to one if we ever meet again on such an Errand.”

THIS Advice, though very good-natur’d, was not relished by the other two, their Stomachs could not brook such Treatment, on which they withdrew; the Baronet chagrin’d at their Folly, sat down to finish the Bottle, saying, “a Plague of all leaving our Liquor behind; what need is there of doubling Misfortunes? This damn’d Blow requires good Tipple to keep up our Hearts, and these Fellows are leaving it: Mine, however, shall not want that Consolation whilst there’s any good Wine in *England*, and which honest *John Watson* will send me, if it be to be had

“ in

“ in *London*; he hath never failed me
“ yet.”

THE Baronet, having finished his Bottle, called for his Servants, and his Horses; he then told her Ladyship's Butler, “ that
“ he was sorry that Things did not go on
“ better; however,” says he, “ I shall not
“ fail to drink your Lady's good Health
“ twice every Day; and not like those two
“ Slinkards in Love, refuse wishing her a
“ good Husband, because she does not
“ choose to have either of them or me.”
Having then distributed his Money to the Servants, he took his Leave, desiring his Compliments to their Lady.

C H A P.

C H A P. LXXXIII.

Lady Flimsy pleased with Mr. Sweetwood's Contrivance. Lord Beef is seen in the double Character of Bully and Coward; Mr. Sweetwood of Modesty and Courage.

THE following Night, tho' past in no Pain, was yet sleepless by the Viscountess; she could not keep the ingenious Contrivance, the Wit and Politeness, of Mr. Sweetwood from her Mind. "How different," says she, "are the Souls of Men? With what Delicacy and Attention did he run his Eyes over me? How tender and attracting was every Look and Behaviour? His whole Consideration is me alone, whilst the other three Brutes have been valuing the Timber of my Estate, and the Goodness of my House, and calculating what my whole Fortune is worth, deducting so much for the Life of the present Possessor."

"I ALONE am his Happiness, and their Objection: He would receive me destitute to his Arms, and those Men would give me, and one half of my Fortune, to

“ to any Man, to enjoy the other unin-
 “ terrupted by my Presence; such Differ-
 “ ence is to be found amongst the human
 “ Race! Thy Truth, thy Fidelity, thy
 “ disinterested Passion, shall meet their
 “ full Reward in these Arms: Nine Months
 “ are already gone, and———but must I
 “ be tied to these odious Ceremonies, for
 “ the Loss of what I had Reason to detest?
 “ It is too severe a Punishment!”

SHE then rose, and wrote Mr. *Sweetwood*
 a Letter, telling him, “ she knew him in
 “ his Disguise;” at the same Time, adding
 she was not displeased with it; yet intreat-
 ing him “ not to undertake those kind
 “ of Visits any more; I will rather find
 “ some way of breaking through the three
 “ Months, which are to compleat the Year,
 “ than subject you to this; and no longer
 “ live in constant Pain in Complaisance to
 “ the Custom of the World, which formed
 “ it on the Presumption, that Husbands
 “ always deserved to be loved by their
 “ Wives, who for that Reason mourned
 “ for a whole Year.”

THIS Letter gave infinite Joy to Mr.
Sweetwood; he passed whole Hours in Rap-
 ture, pronouncing the Name of *Arabella*,
 and could not hold the rising Joy from
 bursting

bursting forth in a thousand various Ways.
“ Now,” says he, “ more than human
“ Felicity is soon to be my Possession,
“ every Passion will be dead in me but
“ Love : I shall have nothing to ask, and
“ nothing to employ my whole Soul in,
“ but in enjoying her Presence, except
“ pouring forth my strongest Gratitude for
“ this ineffable Goodness and Condescension
“ in this, more than human Being.”

THE Jew being well entertained, lodged,
and satisfied, the next Morning took his
Leave, and proceeding in his Itineration,
stroll'd to the House of Lord *Beef* : This
Pattern of human Perfection was walking
before his House, ruminating on the Dis-
appointment of the preceding Day ; not
that his Heart felt the dying Tenderness of
Souls in Love, when their Suits are fruit-
less. His Pride was hurt in finding himself
rejected by any Woman ; he was then curs-
ing himself and her, when the Jew was
approaching towards him, at some small
Distance ; the Cloaths, and all external
Appearance being the same, his Heart
rejoiced at the Thought of having it in his
Power to wreak his Malice on the Man,
who, the Day before, he thought had treat-
ed his Pride with too much Contempt at
Fairland-Court. As he advanced, and his
Face

Face became visible, he saw it was not that which he had seen the Day before, though the Cloaths and Box were absolutely the same. "Was not you, Fellow, at *Fairland-Court* Yesterday?" says Lord *Beef* to the Jew.

"No, Sir," replied the Hawker.

"YOUR Box and Cloaths were, I'll swear;" answered Lord *Beef* in a malicious Gurl: "I must know who it was that wore one and carried the other; some Scoundrel, I suppose, who is afraid to come hither, and yet has sent you, because he would not lose the Chance of selling something at the House. Now," says he, "unless you tell me who it was that was at *Fairland-Court* Yesterday in your Dress, that Pond shall receive you and your Wares, and then see what Satisfaction the Law will give you in such a Case."

AFTER much terrifying, the Hawker confessed that it was Mr. *Sweetwood*. This nettled Lord *Beef* ten times more than before; he vow'd Revenge, swore it was a Trick of the Viscountess to affront them all, and damn'd her for a B—— of the first Order.

HAVING added to the Story all that his sterile Imagination could invent, he spread it abroad in the Country to the Prejudice of the Viscountess, and Mr. *Sweetwood*: It was soon brought to Lady *Flimsy*'s Ears, who only laughed at the impotent Malice of the Brute. *Sweetwood* heard it with Pain on the Lady's Account, though there was nothing criminal in the Behaviour of Lady *Flimsy*, even as Lord *Beef* had related the Account, yet her Lover thought it little less than Profanation, that the Name of her he adored should afford the common Conversation of the Country, and be found in the Mouth of every Rustic; he wished for an Opportunity to meet Lord *Beef*, and give him to know his Sentiments on this Behaviour.

THIS Opportunity was soon offered him; the Assizes coming on at *Worcester*, Lord *Beef* was named Head of the Grand-Jury, amongst which Number Mr. *Sweetwood* was named also.

SWEETWOOD, with the best Disposition and utmost Sweetness, had a true Courage at Bottom, which nothing could intimidate; he never assumed, but often declined the Causes of Disagreement. Lord *Beef* was,

as

as we have already said, loud, and of that Species of Cowardice, which denominates a Bully ; very apt to insult and tyrannize where he fear'd no Opposition, and to yield to the least manly Resistance : He was, in Nature, extremely ready to give the first Blow, and receive the last at the End.

At Worcester, Lord Beef and Mr. Sweetwood being necessarily together after Dinner, some one of the Company, who detested the Arrogance of their Foreman, and knew that Sweetwood longed to shew him the Resentment he entertained of his Behaviour ; asked, “ if he had heard what Lord Beef had spread relating to him and Lady Flimsy ; ” “ yes,” replied Sweetwood, “ very well, let his Disappointment work and prompt him to as many Falshoods as he pleases : ” This he spoke loud enough to be heard by Lord Beef, who, in a Gurl, ask'd, “ What, does he say that I lye ? ”

“ No,” says Mr. Sweetwood, “ I have not said you lye ; I only reply'd, by saying, that no one regarded the Falshoods you spread.” At which Words, being enraged, recollecting his great Estate, and the small one of Mr. Sweetwood, his descending from a Duke, and the other's being but a private Gentleman, together
22 with

with his being rejected at *Fairland-Court*, and as he suspected in Preference of Mr. *Sweetwood*, he rose, and said, "You Puppy, I shall chastise you." "Me, Sir," says *Sweetwood* smiling. "Yes, you Rascal. Am I to be considered as a Spreader of Lies by you?" "Yes," answer'd *Sweetwood*, "if you do spread them you must, as I know you have, by me and every one."

"PAULTRY Scoundrel," says *Beef*, coming towards him, "you shall ask Pardon before this Company by—or I'll kick you."

"INDEED you will not," says *Sweetwood*, still smiling.

LORD *Beef* pretending then to approach him in great Wrath, one of the Company restraining him, "Let him alone, pray" says *Sweetwood*, "there is no Danger," laughing at the same Time. Irritated by these Words, Lord *Beef* swore heavily he would take Revenge: "Is a Man of my Family to be treated by a poultry Country Squire in this Manner?"

"YOUR Family!" says *Sweetwood*, "what is it pray? According to the best Opinion
VOL. III. I the

“ the Bastard-son of a Duke ; the very
 “ Constitution which makes your Father a
 “ Peer, makes you less than a Gentleman.
 “ Do you imagine, that a base Birth can-
 “ not as effectually wash out, as Kings can
 “ impart, Nobility to Blood ? Perhaps too
 “ this Descent is even more than most Men
 “ will readily allow you, though all agree
 “ that you are the Son of *Moll Romp* ;
 “ therefore, pray consider the Certainty on
 “ one side, and doubt of the other ; think
 “ of your Mother, and learn more Humi-
 “ lity.”

THIS, pronounced with Spirit, void of
 Passion, stung Lord *Beef* to the Heart, and
 gave excessive Pleasure to all present, who
 hated his Arrogance. He then swore Re-
 venge on *Sweetwood*, even the Law should
 not defend him from it. “ Will you,” says
 the latter to him, “ have Resolution to put
 “ what you threaten in Execution ? Will
 “ you wave all Advantage if I send you a
 “ Place of Appointment, and do yourself
 “ and me that Justice which you seem at
 “ present so fond of ?”

THIS he replied to by an Oath of Con-
 firmation.

THE Business of the Affizes summoning them to the Court, put an End to the Dispute at this Time: In the Evening this mighty Man of Valour talked of nothing but the Punishment and Revenge he would take on Mr. *Sweetwood*; he would mince him to Atoms; and in the Conversation said several Things which reflected on Lady *Flimsy's* Virtue, and her having had an Intrigue with Mr. *Sweetwood*, referring to the Story at *Bristol-Wells*.

FROM this Asperſion, one of the Company justified her Ladyship, and the next Morning gave Mr. *Sweetwood* an Account of it.

THIS Action of Lord *Beef's* was too heinous to be a Moment delay'd: The Soul of *Sweetwood*, that was as steady as the Course of Fate, from being alter'd by all the Sarcasm which could be let loose against himself, immediately became as susceptible of Impression, as the Element of Water is of the Force of Wind, when any Thing which derogated from the Honor of all he loved, but touch'd its Surface.

RETIRING therefore to an Inn to prevent Suspicion, in which neither Lord *Beef* nor

himself lodged, he sent him a Card as from another Gentleman, desiring he would meet him there immediately on some Business of Importance. *Sweetwood* had prepared two Swords. Lord *Beef*, obeying the Message, asked where the Gentleman was who wanted to speak with him; when, being shewn into the Room, Mr. *Sweetwood* said, "Sir, it is I, who have taken the Liberty
 " to send for you; you remember your
 " Promise Yesterday, of doing me and
 " yourself Justice."

No two Things are more different than the Heart of a Bully, at the Times when he knows he shall be prevented from fighting, and when he knows he cannot; the very Soul of that individual Bouncer, which, surrounded with the Grand-Jury but Yesterday, resembled the Hurricanes of *Jamaica*, and swept all before him, was now as gentle as the Breath of *Zephyr*, which fans the happy Lovers in the shady Vale of *Tempé*.

" THERE are two Swords, do yourself
 " Justice, take which you please," says
Sweetwood.

THIS Speech had the very Effect upon Lord *Beef*, which the ancient Philosopher conceived so difficult to be imparted to
 Man,

Man, *γυνὴ σεαυτὸν* was written legible on his own Heart. *Sweetwood* was persuaded that *Beef* then first knew his true Fabric. The latter therefore try'd every Argument he could suggest to avoid the Duel; he said, "his Affairs were in great Perplexity, that he only required Time for settling them, and he would meet him at a Moment's Warning." "Sirrah," says *Sweetwood*, "you and your Affairs ought to be prepared at all Times to answer for the Slander of that Tongue, which is ever ready to defame the Innocent; nor shall you escape Punishment for it at this Time; take a Sword, Coward."

LORD *Beef*, now in a worse Situation than *Damocles* at the Table of *Dionysius*, as he did not suppose that there was even the Strength of a Horse-hair to preserve him from Destruction, looked in the utmost Perplexity; he sincerely repented his Yesterday's Insolence, but he knew internal Compunction would not efface external Injury: He said, in great Trepidation, "To-morrow I'll meet you, let me make my Will first?" "Sirrah, I see your Cowardice, you will escape me at any Rate: What is become of your Yesterday's blustering? Tell me what must be done to provoke you?" At which

Words *Sweetwood* stretched forth his Hand, and twig'd his Nose, which he seemed to feel no more than if he had been a Statue; he then kick'd him, which he received with equal Stoicism. "Now, insolent Fellow, if your Tongue ever more pronounces the Name of Lady *Flimsy*, or even mine, with Disrespect, I will treat you in this Manner wherever I meet you. Hence, Coward," says *Sweetwood*, with Eyes that flash'd Indignation. At which Words *Beef* departed, though in no very rapturous Disposition, yet contented with having escaped with Life; he therefore pretended sudden Illness, sent Word he could not attend the remaining Duty of the Assizes, returned home, and Mr. *Sweetwood* discovered to the Grand-Jury the Cause of this Disorder, which communicated no little Joy to the whole Company.

CHAP.

C H A P. LXXXIV.

Lady Flimsy resolves seeing London, and Mr. Sweetwood to follow her.

THE Account of the preceding Adventure being spread over the County, Lady *Flimsy* wrote Mr. *Sweetwood* a Letter to thank him for the Care he had manifested for the Preservation of her Character; “ I am sensible of your Delicacy in
“ my behalf: But why will you,” says she,
“ run the Risque of being ill-treated by
“ that Brute? Who knows what Mischief
“ he may secretly contrive against you?
“ You know my Innocence: Why will
“ you give yourself Pain concerning the
“ malicious Tales of babbling Falshood?
“ Justified in each others Heart, why
“ should we seek it any where besides?”

“ I HAVE received a Letter which re-
“ quires my Presence in *London*, to which
“ Place I shall set out To-morrow Morn-
“ ing; my Stay will be but short, during
“ this Time I may possibly contrive
“ some Way of taking off the Restraint,
“ which Custom has made necessary, and
“ deprives us of seeing each other.” This

Design of seeing *London*, arose from the Letter which she had received concerning *Lydia*.

THE Viscountess set out, and Mr. *Sweetwood* understanding the Letter, as it was intended, though she would not plainly declare her Desire, prepared to follow her in two Days, thinking it would be most agreeable to her Ladyship not to be seen with him on the Road.

NOTHING happening to Lady *Flimsy* on the Road worth relating, we shall say no more of her Journey; but as Mr. *Sweetwood* followed her not quite so free from all Circumstance worth relating to our Readers, we shall make no Apology, but give the Story as it will be found in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. LXXXV.

Mr. Sweetwood's Journey begun. A most political Dispute between Dick Mathematic the Schoolmaster, and Mr. Goodfellow the London-Rider; in which Mr. Mathematic has the better of the Argument, and Mr. Goodfellow of the Dispute.

MR. Sweetwood having passed the first Day without any remarkable Occurrence on the Road, arrived at his Inn in the Evening, where he intended reposing himself for that Night.

As he was alone, he asked his Landlord whether there were any Gentlemen in the Inn; "for," says he, "after a pretty smart Ride I should not be sorry to sup in Company with any Gentleman that chuses a Companion; I don't much like being alone: otherwise I must desire your Company, Landlord."

MINE Host was a jolly Fellow, kept his Hunter, and never missed a Race within fifty Miles of him; he was thought to understand a Pack of Hounds, or a

running Horse, at least as well as any Man in *England*: No Man had a better Pallate for Port; Claret was rather too light for his Stomach, which rendered him not so much a Judge of *French* Wines; but possessing a vast Respect for the first, particularly as he drank a great deal of it himself, he always kept a Stock of what was excellent, to favour those Gentlemen with, who had Complaisance enough to honour themselves with his peculiar Company: As to squeezing an Orange, and mixing the Ingredients, no Man in *England* was his Superior.

THESE Qualifications of Hunting and Raceing, and his Skill in conversing thereon, together with a nice Palate in good Liquor, had made my Landlord a favourite Companion to all the Country-gentlemen of one side; he was what is called an honest Tory, Blue and all Blue, and had never changed Sides in his Life, though not untempted with considerable Offers.

THIS Host of ours, then reply'd to Mr. *Sweetwood*, "Sir," says he, "here is to be
 " a tight Dispute this Evening between Mr.
 " *Mathematic* the writing Schoolmaster,
 " and Mr. *Goodfellow* a *London* Rider. It
 " seems, that one of our great Men at
 " the

“ the Helm (he must be a knowing one
“ to be sure) not being acquainted where
“ the river *Ohio* is, and that Part of the
“ World through which it runs, and be-
“ ing ashamed to discover his Ignorance to
“ the People of *London*, at the Instigation
“ of one of the yellow Party at the War’s
“ beginning Abroad, procured this *Dick*
“ *Mathematic* to be sent for to show him
“ in what Part of the World *America* lies :
“ It seems the *French* playing the Devil
“ there, has obliged the M——y to know
“ where about it is, that some little Care
“ may be taken that they do not run away
“ with it ; for damn’em, says my Land-
“ lord, since my Time they have never
“ taken Care of any Thing, but laying on
“ Taxes enough, that they never forget,
“ and then the Devil might take the Na-
“ tion.”

“ You are not very wide from the Truth,
“ I believe, Landlord,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*,
indeed.

“ TRUTH, Sir, says mine Host ! Zounds,
“ can any Thing be more plain ? There’s
“ the *Oxford* Election, oh Lord ! oh Lord !”
stamping at the same Time ; “ ’twill make
“ me mad to give an Account of their
“ Doings : ’Sblood, Sir, if some returning
“ Officers

“ Officers be not hanged, we never can be
 “ a Nation again ; a Freeholder is no more
 “ the Man he was, than I am like the
 “ Grand-Turk ; we are all undone, Liber-
 “ ty and Property, Sir, 'Sblood Sir, is all
 “ over with us ! ”

“ WELL, Sir,” says Mr. *Sweetwod*, “ but
 “ to the Affair of Mr. *Mathematic*. ”

“ RIGHT,” replied my Landlord, “ this
 “ Fellow then, Sir, being a little knowing
 “ in *Geomatry* or *Geograpy*, I don't know
 “ which it is, was sent for, as I was telling
 “ you, to show some of the M——y
 “ where *America* lies in the Map : This
 “ was done partly to disguise their Igno-
 “ rance from the *Londoners*, and as this Fel-
 “ low was always meddling in the new
 “ Interest, to put a few Pounds in his
 “ Pocket. ”

“ SINCE this Time the Son of a W——e
 “ being returned, is become ten times a
 “ greater Coxcomb than ever ; he pretends
 “ to correspond with this great Man, and
 “ the other, and they must be great Men
 “ which he could teach, by—— so there's
 “ no keeping in with him, he runs so hard,
 “ he is a Mile before the Pack, for which
 “ Reason my Neighbour *Broadfig* the Gro-
 “ cer

“ cer and Mercer, has desired Mr. *Mathe-*
 “ *matic* to meet Mr. *Goodfellow* the *London*
 “ Rider, who is a damn’d clever Fellow,
 “ and take a Glass here this Evening; he
 “ is to strap him to prevent his running so
 “ fast, and roast the Dog till he cracks.
 “ To this Company, if you think proper,
 “ Sir, I will introduce you, and perhaps
 “ it may afford you some Sport.”

THIS Mr. *Sweetwood* willingly consented
 to, and told his Landlord he was much
 obliged to him for the Favour.

“ THE first Heat will be hard run, I
 “ believe, says my Landlord, but *Good-*
 “ *fellow* will have it all hollow at the
 “ latter End; he is a bottom’d one, a
 “ damn’d bottom’d one: It is at least
 “ three to two, in my Opinion; however,
 “ I believe we shall have good Sport.”

IT seems indeed that *Dick Mathematic*
 from this late Employ of his instructing
 the M—r where *America* lies, had assumed
 an Arrogance at his Return, that could
 not be borne by his fellow Townsmen, and
 particularly by Mr. *Broadfig* the Grocer,
 and mine Host. This Appointment there-
 fore was long premeditated between these
 two Gentlemen, that at Mr. *Goodfellow*’s
 Time

Time of taking his Journey to that Town, they would give Mr. *Mathematic* a Roasting, and humble him a little; for Mr. *Goodfellow* was looked upon as very profound in the Mystery of Politics by both these Gentlemen; and, indeed, to do him Justice, he knew as much of the Matter, as those who have lately managed public Affairs, if we may draw a Conclusion from his Speeches, and their Conduct.

Mr. *Goodfellow* was the same Gentleman, whom, in a previous Work, we have mentioned as being attended with the Adventure of deserting his *Charlotte*, and leaping thro' the Window at *Hounslow*. It was the constant Method of this Gentleman's proceeding, that into whatever Town he came, he always considered the Size of it; when inferring by Comparison, that *London* was either ten times, twenty, or any other Proportion bigger than the Town he was in, he concluded, that consequently every Man's Understanding that came from the great City, was in that Proportion so much greater than any Man's who lived in that Town: This modest Manner of Calculation in his own Favour, had led him into a sovereign Contempt of all Country-knowledge; and tho' it had seduced him into many grievous Mistakes, yet, as he never gave up, and his

his Audience could but seldom discover he was wrong, he generally was considered as getting the better of the Argument, by the same Manner of Proof that Boxers do of a Battle, by giving the last Blow, which indeed would be very true also by analogical Reasoning in this Instance, if a Conquest in Dispute, like that in boxing, was to be decided by beating the Argument to pieces.

MR. *Goodfellow* being come to Town, was extremely glad to find this Appointment was made; he knew his Order would be the larger on this Account from Mr. *Broadfig*, and swore he was ready to give *Mathematic* as hearty a Trimming as ever he had in his Life; "Damn him," says he, "he a Politician," shaking his Head with Contempt.

IN this Manner Things stood; the dreadful Hour drew nigh; Mr. *Mathematic* was come; my Landlord was in high Expectation of Mr. *Broadfig*, and his Friend *Goodfellow*, who being at length arrived also, Mr. *Sweetwood* was introduced to the Company; and Supper being served, during the Time of supping together, Mr. *Mathematic* frequently surveyed Mr. *Goodfellow* with

with Attention, as the latter Gentleman did the former.

DURING the Repast, nothing escaped worth remarking ; after the Cloth was removed, Mr. *Mathematic* tho' he thought himself Master of the little Town in which he lived, was yet a little shy in engaging with a *Londoner*, whose Fame had been so greatly extoll'd,

It seems Mr. *Mathematic* was at the Bottom against a *French* War, and had taken his Cue from the M——r; he therefore was a little doubtful of our Success, and much inclined to pacific Measures. “ Success to our Arms,” says *Goodfellow*, and “ may the *French* be driven to the Devil. “ Here's our brave Admirals for ever !”

THE Health going round, Mr. *Sweetwood*, who thought the Battle too long delay'd between these Champions, ask'd Mr. *Goodfellow* what he imagined of the “ Times. “ The Times ! Sir,” says *Goodfellow*, “ we are undone ; unless the *French* “ Fleet is totally destroyed we are absolutely undone ; Trade is at an End, Sir : “ Damn me, was I M——r I would not “ leave them a Boat as big as a Wherry ; “ by G——they should not have an Ounce
3 “ of

“ of Trade swimming upon the Ocean :
“ Damn their Tricks upon the *Obio* ; I
“ would teach them to break Treaties ;
“ but the cowardly M——y suffer every
“ Thing to be done that the *French* Rascals
“ please ; that damn'd *Hanover* ruins us all ;
“ there lies the Mischief : But if we could
“ but make a League with the King of
“ *Prussia*, he would drive them from the
“ *Obio*, give him *Hanover* ; by——was I a
“ Member of Parliament I'd give my Vote
“ for it ; I'll engage he drives the Mon-
“ sieurs from *Obio* : But as these *French*
“ Dogs have already advanced so far, the
“ M——y are every Minute afraid they
“ will enter and seize *Hanover*.”

“ SIR,” says *Dick Mathematic* with a
triumphant Smile, “ you are certainly
“ mistaken ; the River *Obio* lies in *Ame-*
“ *rica*, and is not less than five thousand
“ Miles distant from *Hanover* ; the whole
“ *Atlantic Ocean* lies between.”

“ THE *Atlantic Ocean* be damn'd,” says
Goodfellow, “ will you pretend to tell me
“ that the *French* on the *Obio* are not with-
“ in two Days March of *Hanover* ; I ap-
“ peal to that Gentleman,” meaning Mr.
Sweetwood, “ and I'll back my Argument
“ with any Sum you please ; and I say
“ done

“ done first. Down with your Money,”
lugging out a great Purse of his Master’s
at that Time.

MR. *Mathematic* agreed to the Appeal,
but declined the Wager, because he was
not provided with the Deposite; and Mr.
Sweetwood having enjoyed much internal
Laughing from this Conversation, refused
the Decision, lest he should shorten his Plea-
sure; and pleaded Ignorance in such weigh-
ty Matters.

SIR,” says *Mathematic*, “ I’ll convince
“ you in Mr. *Husk*’s Map, that what you
“ have said is impossible. I will send for
“ it.” The Map being sent for, Silence
and Suspence of Argument between the
Chiefs ensued for a few Minutes, and the
Glas circulated with some Freedom. *Ma-
thematic* concluding he should triumph, and
Goodfellow fearing a Defeat.

THE Map being brought, Mr. *Goodfellow*
at first was a little alarmed, lest Mr. *Ma-
thematic* should desire him to shew where
these different Places were; particularly as
he was subjected to a small Inconveniency
in this Affair, which, though no more than
the Trifle of not knowing Sea from Land in
a Map; yet even that might have led him
into some Disadvantage in the Dispute.

How-

HOWEVER, Mr. *Mathematic* being ten times more inclined to shew his own Learning than to disprove Mr. *Goodfellow*'s, and conceiving both might be done at the same time, never thought of putting Mr. *Goodfellow* to the Tryal; which Tryal Mr. *Goodfellow* being not a little afraid of, and not penetrating Mr. *Mathematic*'s Intention, avoided, by saying, as soon as the Map was unrolled, "well, Sir, now shew me the "*Ohio*."

"THIS winding River, Sir, which runs
"into the *Mississippi*, is the *Ohio*," says *Mathematic*.

"WELL, Sir, and where are the *French*?"
says *Goodfellow*.

"HERE, on this Spot," putting his
Finger on it, answered *Mathematic*.

"WELL now," says *Goodfellow*, "shew
"us, if you please, where is *Hanover*."

"*Hanover*," says *Mathematic*, "is not in
"this Map."

"DAMN me," says *Goodfellow*, "did
"any Gentleman ever see the like? I knew
"there

“ there was some infernal Trick at the Bot-
 “ tom. G——d damn ye, they have left
 “ out *Hanover* designedly, at the Instiga-
 “ tion of the M——y, because the *Eng-*
 “ *lish* should not see what a damn’d Scrape
 “ it is like to bring us into. Sir, I am
 “ ashamed that any Man should have Re-
 “ course to so mean a Subterfuge to vindi-
 “ cate a Falshood, as to appeal to a Map,
 “ in which he must know *Hanover* was de-
 “ signedly left out. Gentlemen, is this
 “ fair Reasoning? I appeal to you.” The
 Landlord and Mr. *Broadfig* agreed it was
 damn’d unfair. “ Damn me,” says the
 Landlord, “ it is as bad as pricking a Horse
 “ in the plateing, before he runs; but we
 “ poor *English* are always choused in this
 “ Manner. By ——,” says *Goodfellow*,
 “ the Rascal who made this Map should
 “ be hanged, for leaving out *Hanover*, to
 “ deceive the Nation to its Ruin. It is a
 “ Seandal; I am amazed the People suffer
 “ it.” The Landlord and Grocer agreed
 in this also.

Sweetwood enjoyed this secretly; when
Mathematic, smiling with Contempt, cried,
 “ Sir, it was impossible *Hanover* could be
 “ in this Map.”

“ Im.

"IMPOSSIBLE! 'Sblood," says *Goodfellow*, "is it not large enough to hold it, the Place is not so big."

"SIR," says *Mathematic*, still laughing, "this is the best Map of Part of *America*, *Hanover* is in *Europe*."

"IN *Europe*, Sir," says *Goodfellow*, "will any Man dare to say, that *Hanover* is in *Europe*. You intend to humbug us to our Faces, as if we knew not our A B C. 'Sblood, Sir, *Hanover*, all the World knows, is in *Germany*; is it not one of the nine *Electors* of *Germany*. *Hanover* in *Europe*! *Hanover* in Hell. No, Sir, by G——, this is too much; we must beg your Pardon here. Ah! damn it, lifting up his Eyes and Hands. This is too much."

THIS Stroke clench'd the Conquest of Mr. *Goodfellow* over Mr. *Mathematic* in the Opinion of mine Host and Mr. *Broadfig*; when they desired *Mathematic* not to expose himself, by insisting that *Hanover* was in *Europe*, when all the World knew it was in *Germany*. Mr. *Sweetwood*, still pretended Ignorance of these Matters. The Map being now dispatched, as that Argument was ended,

ed, Mr. *Goodfellow* filled a Bumper of *Port*, and said to Mr. *Mathematic*, "Come, Sir, my Service to you, I never beat a Man in my Life, but I drank to him." *Broadfig* and mine Host enjoying the Conquest with much Pleasure, leering upon each other. However, *Mathematic* himself was grievously nettled to be driven from the Truth, and lose the Triumph, when he had really got the Victory. A State of much Humiliation to all Disputants, where Honour is the whole Reward. Lawyers, indeed, at the Bar receive these Disappointments with much Philosophy, after having first received the consoling Fee.

MR. *Mathematic*, therefore, being extremely sore, internally, could not bear this Disgrace; he was determined once more to try his Hand, and see if better Success would not attend him. 'After having much belabour'd the Argument, who were and who were not our Allies, the Schoolmaster asserted, he could bring a mathematical Demonstration that it was impossible the *English* and her Allies could look in the Face of the *French* and her Allies. "For supposing," says he, "that *France* has only two hundred and twenty thousand Troops, *Spain* a hundred and twenty thousand, and *Naples* thirty thousand; that the

" King

“ King of *Prussia*, *Sweden*, and *Denmark*
 “ are neuter, that makes three hundred
 “ and seventy thousand Men. Then,” says
 he, “ *England* furnishes in all fifty thou-
 “ sand, the *Austrians* a hundred thousand,
 “ the *Dutch* dare not move, thro’ Fear of
 “ the *French*, and the *Russians* are in the
 “ same Situation, thro’ Fear of the *Turks*,
 “ *Swedes*, &c. if we hire a hundred thou-
 “ sand *Germans*, which we must pay, where
 “ shall we find Money to support all this?
 “ and the whole makes but two hundred
 “ and fifty thousand Troops. Thus, by
 “ Demonstration, what I said shall be
 “ proved to be true. Here, give me a
 “ Piece of Paper, and a Pen and Ink.”

Which being brought, he took it, and soon
 gave the Paper back into Mr. *Goodfellow’s*
 Hand, in the following Condition, presum-
 ing that he was as ignorant of Algebra as
 Geography, and conceiving that the Words
 mathematical Demonstration would carry
 all before them.

$$\text{Or } +Ir = 2Id \text{ and } \frac{2Id}{0+I} = r.$$

“ THERE is a mathematical Demon-
 “ stration, that we and our Allies cannot
 “ oppose the Power of *France* and her Al-
 “ lies.”

THIS

THIS Word Demonstration, and this pretended Proof of it, struck deeply into the Stomach of Mr. *Goodfellow*, the Mercer, and mine Host, being a Word of high Import, and capable of much deceiving in a wrong Application. It was now, *Dick Mathematic* appeared to carry the Day. It seems, Mr. *Goodfellow* was afraid to dispute the Validity of the Question, because he was totally a Novice to all algebraical Manners of stating Things. A Pause therefore ensued, attended with a Dejection of Spirits, visible in the Triumvirate above-mentioned, when the Rider conceiving a lucky Thought, asked *Dick Mathematic*, if he reckoned only according to Numbers. "To be sure," says *Dick*, "I do." And "you reckon a *Frenchman* as good as an "*Englishman*, do you, in this Demonstration?" "Why not?" says *Dick*. "Gentlemen, will not this make a Saint to swear?" says *Goodfellow*; "when he must know, "that one *Englishman* is, at least, able to "beat ten *Frenchmen*. Damn me, compare "Soup-meagre with Roast Beef, or imagine, that a Fellow who eats Frogs can "fight an *Englishman* fed with Plum-pudding! So you reckon nothing for *English* "Courage, hey, Master *Mathematic*," (putting his Arms a-kimbo, and looking in his

his Face). "In this damn'd Scrole of yours
"here, damn my Blood, (he continued)
"I am ashamed to see a Man so much an
"Enemy to his Country. *English* and
"French Courage are equal, are they?
"Beef and Soup-meagre, Frogs and Plum-
"pudding, make no Difference in Men's
"Fighting. Look you, Mr. *Mathematic*,
"by—I am convinced you know, that
"during all the Duke of *Marlborough's*
"Wars we beat the *French* ten to one,
"and should have done the same Thing
"the last, if they had not been twenty to
"one, or the *Dutch* had behaved as they
"ought. Sir, you must excuse me,
"henceforth we never more dispute on
"these Matters. You first tried to hum-
"bug us with a Map in which you left
"out *Hanover*, and next with a mathema-
"tical Demonstration, and leave out *En-*
"glish Courage: Wherefore, I am sorry
"to say it, I must look upon you as a
"Friend to the M——y and the *French*,
"and an Enemy to your Country. And
"here ends our Dispute by——."

MR. *Mathematic* was discomfited, Mr. *Goodfellow* triumphed, Mr. *Broadfig* and mine Host joined in the Joy, and Mr. *Sweetwood*, after having sated himself with this Company, retired laughing at the Suc-

cess of happy Impudence; and not a little pleased to behold the Chagrin of the Schoolmaster, who was tumbled from the Skies of his Greatness, like a Meteor, which shoots along its Flame till it expires in falling.

Thus ended the grand Dispute between the Rider of *London*, and the Mathematician of * * * * in *Oxfordshire*; when the Parties separating, we leave the two Combatants, one to lye waking with excessive Joy, and the other with excessive Sorrow, whilst the Mercer and Landlord take a sweet Repose. At the same Time, taking that Liberty ourself also, we finish a long Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. LXXXVI.

In which Mr. Goodfellow reaps two Advantages from his last Night's Debate; an internal Triumph, and external Orders.

THE Sun rising with Ray resplendant, beheld the Souls of the two Combatants in very various Dispositions; that of Mr. *Goodfellow* chearful as the Month of *May*, all blooming, gay, and sprightly; Mr. *Mathematic's* dreary as *November*, sad and sable; the first wishing to display the Honours of his Victory; the other to hide himself in some Dungeon for ever: What added to his Pain was the Self-consciousness of his Superiority; and yet the Triumph which he knew the People of the Town would manifest on his supposed Defeat.

MR. *Sweetwood* early pursued his Journey to *London*, and my Landlord rose sooner than usual to spread the Defeat of Mr. *Mathematic*. Those who had been previously favoured with an Intimation of the designed Combat, were impatient to hear the Event; and, indeed, secretly wished that Mr. *Mathematic* might be defeated: Such is the human Composition, they could not bear

with any Temper, that Superiority which the Schoolmaster had assumed since his Merit obtained him the Honour of showing a great M——r in what Part of the World *America* was situated.

Oh Envy! basest Passion of the Soul! When wilt thou be extirpated from the human Bosom? When wilt thou leave our great Statesman, who excels all past, present, and to come, in fathoming the true Bathos of Policy, to sleep in Peace, unmolested by thy Sting?

MINE Host then being risen from his Pillow, walked into the Market-house, where he gave the gaping Audience a full Account of all the Affair, adding, that he imagined *Mathematic* would have shewn better Sport; “but, rot him,” says he, “he’s a Jade; *Goodfellow* had it all hol-
“low, he could have distanced him the
“first Heat; but he brought him in hand-
“somely, to show the more Sport to the
“Company: Damn the Fellow, he’s a
“mere Jade.” Joy universal spread itself on the Faces of the whole Assembly, and many of them, being Shop-keepers, determined to give *Goodfellow* an Order, who had never dealt with him before.

MR.

MR. *Goodfellow* himself being now risen, waited upon Mr. *Broadfig*, who seizing him by the Hand, and looking with a Smile on his Face, thanked him for the last Night's Entertainment; affirming, that though he always knew him to be a clever Fellow, he did not imagine him so knowing as he had found him. Mr. *Goodfellow* thanked him for the Compliment, and then took a large Order.

AFTER this, as my Landlord had told him that many others would be his Customers, he waited on them, humbly requesting their Favours; he was readily desired to walk in, and then intreated to tell them how the Affair stood between Mr. *Matbematic* and himself last Night. Mr. *Goodfellow*, therefore, after taking out his Book of Patterns, the other to receive Orders, his Pen and Ink, began with "I'll tell you, " Sir;" the Wife, and all the Family being present with attentive Ears, "the Affair in dispute was concerning the *Obio* " and *Hanover*, and where the *French* " Troops are now situated:" "Well, Sir," says the Shop-keeper, "how then?" "Then, " Sir," says Mr. *Goodfellow*, showing the Patterns, "what think you of these Patterns, they are very good?" "I like " them,"

K 3

“ them,” says the Mercer, “ put me down
 “ six Pieces of each of these Checks.”
 “ Sir, I thank you,” says *Goodfellow*,
 putting them down in his Book. “ So Sir,
 “ (he continued) *Mathematic* first wanted
 “ to prove that *Hanover* and the *Obio* were
 “ five thousand Miles asunder.” “ The
 “ Devil he did,” says the Mercer. “ And
 “ how do you imagine he contrived it?
 “ By—he brought a Map, in which *Han-*
 “ *over*, to deceive the *English*, was pur-
 “ posely left out,” continued *Goodfellow*.
 “ Ah, damn him,” says the Mercer, “ the
 “ Fellow ought to be hang’d :” “ To be
 “ burnt alive, Sir,” says *Goodfellow*, “ he’s
 “ an Enemy to old *England*, by—. What
 “ think you of these Fustians, Sir?” “ Very
 “ good,” answered the Mercer, “ send me
 “ six Pieces of each of these too :” “ Sir,
 “ I thank you” says *Goodfellow*. “ Then,
 “ Sir, he began a damn’d Story of a Cock
 “ and a Bull, about the *French* Forces be-
 “ ing better than the *English* : These Rib-
 “ bands, I believe Sir, you’ll think very
 “ pretty :” “ Send me twenty Pieces,”
 says the Mercer : “ Sir, I thank you,” re-
 plied Mr. *Goodfellow*. “ After this, Sir,
 “ he brings a damn’d Scrole, which he
 “ called a mathematical Demonstration,
 “ and never mentioned a Word of *English*
 “ Courage in the Thing.” “ Not a Word
 “ of

“ of *English* Courage,” says the Mercer.
 “ Not a Word, as I hope to be saved,”
 answered *Goodfellow*, “ Silk, Buckram,
 “ Tapes, or Inkles, Sir?” “ Twelve Pounds
 “ of the first, twenty Pieces of the second,
 “ and a Gross of each of the others,” re-
 plied the Mercer. “ Sir, I thank you,” says
 Mr. *Goodfellow*. “ But,” says the Mercer,
 “ is it possible the Villain could leave out
 “ *English* Courage?” “ Upon my Soul,”
 says *Goodfellow*, “ Pins or Needles, Ferreting
 “ or Canvas, Sir?” “ Yes, Sir, send me
 “ forty Gross of Pins, ten thousand Nee-
 “ dles, twelve Dozen of Ferreting, and six
 “ Pieces of Canvas,” says the Mercer.
 “ Sir, I thank you,” says *Goodfellow*. “ Not
 “ a Word of *English* Courage by—.”

“ Then, Sir, I took him off short, and
 “ cut him all to Pieces in a Minute. Any
 “ kind of Threads, Sir?” “ Send me six
 “ Gross of all Sorts,” says the Mercer. “ Sir,
 “ I thank you,” says the Rider. “ Look
 “ you, Mr. *Mathematic*, says I, by—.” “ I ask
 your Pardon, Madam, for swearing (to the
 “ Wife) there was no avoiding it, you
 “ are an Enemy to your Country. Will
 “ you say Beef does not give more Courage
 “ than Soup-meagre, and Plum-pudding
 “ than Frogs and Sallads?” “ Why, he had
 “ not the Impudence to say that, sure?”

says the Wife, "had he?" "Upon my Honour, Madam," says *Goodfellow*, clapping his Hand on his Breast. "*Manchester Vel-*
"vets, Sir?" "Half a dozen Pieces of best
"black," answered the Mercer. "Thank
"you, Sir, they shall be the best you ever
"saw; we dye all these Things under our
"own Eyes," says *Goodfellow*. "So, says
"I, Mr. Mathematic, look you, Sir, a
"Man that will say what you have said,
"and assert, that Beef and Plum-pudding
"will not beat Frogs and Soup-meagre,
"must be a Scoundrel by——. And here
"ends our Argument. Madam, you
"know one could say no less when he
"talked in that Manner of Old England."
"To be sure," says the Wife, "I think
"you used him too civilly."

"Well," says the Mercer, "Mr. *Good-*
fellow use me well, and you shall have my
"Dealings." "Sir, you may depend on
"it, no one can serve you so well in Eng-
"land; the Manufacturer cannot serve
"you so cheap as we can." "How so,
"Mr. Goodfellow," says the Mercer. "Sir,
"I'll tell you, we always keep twenty
"thousand Pounds in Cash at Manchester,
"and ten at Coventry; when the poor
"Tradesmen, wanting Cash, come imme-
"diately to us, and sell their Pieces for
"less

“ less than they cost the making, for the
 “ sake of ready Money ; by which means
 “ we often furnish the Manufacturers them-
 “ selves ; some of them have left off make-
 “ ing, and buy of us because its cheaper,
 “ and perhaps they will all. And——
 “ but Sir, you’ll drink a Glass with me,
 “ and dine with me at my Inn——we’ll
 “ be Jolly,” shaking the Mercer by the
 Hand most cordially. “ Then we’ll
 “ have a little more Talk of this Affair ;
 “ you may think of something else that is
 “ wanting, and I’ll give you a Song.”
 He then took his Leave very politely of
 the Wife and Children, who wished Mr.
Goodfellow a good Journey ; the Mercer
 saying as he went out, “ By *Jove*, he is a
 “ clever Fellow.”

In this Manner the Story was told six
 different Times, and six new Customers
 added to his List. By this Accident, Mr.
Goodfellow was immortal in the Opinion of
 all the People in the Town, and poor
Dick Mathematic reduced to great Con-
 tempt : Alas ! his Soul was so penetrated
 with Grief at this melancholy Affair, that
 he determined to quit the Place, and re-
 nounce his School.

WHEN,

“You have a Power upon my Heart, and

WHEN, as being a Sufferer in a ministerial Cause, he was soon honoured with a Place in the Customs, at a Sea Port in the West, worth a hundred a Year; where he still resides, not having yet shaken off the Gloom which he contracted on that Account.

C H A P. LXXXVII.

Strokes of Joy saddened by Affliction between Mr. Sweetwood and Lady Flimsy. Mr. Muckworm in great Tribulation and Distress; all which ends well at last.

MR. Sweetwood being arrived at London, met Lady Flimsy at the Masquerade, as we have already said, where, being made known to the Earl of *Liberal* by his Countess, who presented him to her Lord, by saying, “I am greatly obliged to this Gentleman for his Civility to me when I was in Distress at *Bristol*.” Mr. Sweetwood bowed, and the Earl thanked him, with desiring him to be his Guest in Town. “Suffer me,” says his Lordship, “to be considered as one of your Friends. Sir, you

“ you have a Power upon my Heart, and
 “ a Right to my Esteem, which nothing
 “ else could so effectually procure you, and
 “ nothing can erase ; serving my lovely
 “ *Lydia*,” taking her by the Hand, “ in-
 “ cludes every Merit, in my Opinion.” “ I
 “ am only sorry I had it not more effect-
 “ ally in my Power,” replied Mr. *Sweet-*
wood.

BEFORE this Company left the Masque-
 grade, Mr. *Sweetwood* desired Lady *Flimsy*
 to permit him to visit her the next Morn-
 ing ; she said, he would oblige her more
 by not seeing her at that Time, “ and we
 “ shall dine together at my Lord *Liberal*’s
 “ To morrow, when we will settle every
 “ Thing relating to that Affair.” Mr.
Sweetwood obeyed, but with Reluctance.
 The Time of dining being nearly come,
 Mr. *Sweetwood* repaired to the Earl’s, where
 Lady *Liberal* received him with great Po-
 liteness. After a little Pause, “ Madam,”
 says he, “ I must intreat you to be my
 “ Intercessor with Lady *Flimsy*, and pre-
 “ vail upon her to permit me to visit her :
 “ You have heard the cruel Quarantine
 “ I have performed, of more than nine
 “ Months ; certainly the Danger of Infec-
 “ tion must be over by this Time ; and
 “ the remaining Time, which completes
 “ the

“ the Israel Year, may be dispensed with
 “ in Favour of former Love; especially
 “ considering the whole Circumstance which
 “ attended Lady *Flimsy*’s first Marriage.”

THE Earl hearing Part of this Conversation, joined with Lady *Liberal*, in agreeing, that the Conditions were extremely severe. “ We will try, Mr. *Sweetwood*,” says Lady *Liberal*, “ to break the Chains, which
 “ hold you from all you Love: Shall not
 “ we, my dear,” smiling in my Lord’s Face? “ Yes, we will free the Man,” says my Lord; “ it can be no great Violation
 “ sure to make a Woman happy, in Opposition to a ridiculous Resolution.”
 “ Pray, my Lord,” says *Sweetwood*, “ let
 “ me intreat you not to be too resolute in
 “ this Attempt; I would suffer any Thing
 “ rather than give Lady *Flimsy* a Moment’s
 “ Disquietude.” “ Poor Swain,” says my Lord, “ have a Care now, don’t prophane
 “ the Idol of your Heart.” “ Indeed,”
 “ says Lady *Liberal*, “ you rally with a
 “ good Grace; do you imagine yourself
 “ less delicate in such Matters than Mr.
 “ *Sweetwood*? You, who have taken a
 “ poor Girl from the Moment of Destruction, and made her a Countess, and are
 “ now persisting in spoiling her with extreme and assiduous Fondness from Day
 “ to

“to Day: You, who have dared to ex-
 “pose your Life in her Favour, and yet
 “you presume to laugh at Mr. *Sweetwood*;
 “believe me,” smiling in his Face, “I
 “think you would behave in the same
 “Manner: How can I imagine otherwise,
 “since from the nuptial Hour, the hap-
 “piest that ever shone on Mortals, you
 “have been totally engaged in making me
 “the Object of your Affection, and pre-
 “serving me from every Disquietude.”

AT this Time Lady *Flimsy* arriving, put
 a Conclusion to the Conversation: The
 Hours were past in the utmost Pleasure be-
 tween four Persons, all amiable and of Under-
 standing; Lord *Liberal* rallied Lady *Flimsy*
 on her Quarrel with her Heart, in interdict-
 ing Mr. *Sweetwood*, and almost laughed her
 from the Resolution of preserving the De-
 corum of a Twelve-month's Widowhood.

“So tender a Husband, so faithful to
 “my Arms, so honourable to all, the ge-
 “nerous Protector of the Innocent and
 “amiable, snatch'd cruelly in the very
 “Flower of his Youth from my Embrace;
 “whilst all his Charms were in full Bloom,
 “Death cropt the lovely Rose: Oh! how
 “did Virtue suffer! the World lost a
 “Friend, the Poor a Father, the Learned

“ a

“a Parron: Oh! my Heart will not permit me to proceed on this mournful Occasion, wretched Woman that I am.”
 “These I know are the melancholy Ideas which possess your Heart, the Expression is so visible in your Face,” says the Earl to Lady *Flimsy*.

“PARDON me, my Lord, I am sure I pretend to no such Affliction.”

“INDEED you do, Madam,” says the Earl, “what is all this Affectation of a whole Year’s Weeds and Widowhood, but lamenting the Loss of a dear and tender Husband?”

“THE Decorum of the World, and Decency require it,” replied the Viscountess.

“DECORUM and Decency require us then,” says the Earl, “to wear the external Tokens of Mourning, for the Loss of that which the Soul internally rejoices to be deprived of; to pay the same Respect which is due to Merit and Affection, to that which had never the least Degree of either; and, corrupting the best Part of the human Heart, by the continued Hypocrisy of a whole Year, smile through the sable Envelope,
 “lope,

"dope, like *Cynthia* through surrounding
"Clouds."

LADY *Flimsy* defended herself with that Kind of Force which Cowards use, when they are obliged by Shame, or some other Motive, to resist: Her Heart yielded to the Power of Love, and restrained her from exerting her full Answer; she found a Reluctance to defend herself, and a few Days brought her to the Resolution of giving Mr. *Sweetwood* her Hand. No Happiness was ever superior to this of *Sweetwood's*; the Viscountess herself felt an Ease upon her Bosom, a Complacency upon her Heart, which had long been alienated from it, during the whole Interdiction of Mr. *Sweetwood*. She had suffered on his and her own Account; the pathetic Passion had been ill at Ease, in being deprived the Presence of its Object.

THIS Disquietude was at an End, the Clouds which obscured the fair Face of Love were dissipated; the Souls of this Pair were all Sun-shine and Pleasure, the Day was appointed for the Nuptials, *Sweetwood's* Heart was panting with excessive Bliss at the Thoughts of his being united for Life to his dear *Arabella*; he would frequently take her Hand in his as they sat together,

together, and squeeze it with emphatic Eagerness: At the same Time, gazing in her Face with Eyes swimming in Floods of Love, uttering, "my *Arabella*, my "dearest Creature, my Soul." She listening to the soothing Sound with Looks of reciprocal Affection, comparing the sweet Effect these Expressions had upon her Heart, with the Different ones which arose from the same Words uttered formerly by Lord *Flimsy*.

HEAVEN! she would say secretly, can there be such Difference in the same Expressions from different Objects? The very Words which, uttered by Mr. *Sweetwood*, thrill through every Fibre of my Heart, like Music from the Hand of the finest Musician, and attune my Soul to his in sympathetic Harmony, pronounced by Lord *Flimsy* were Discord and Distaste; my Soul shuddered at the Sound as odious as the hissing of an Adder.

LORD *Beef*, who, though he had no Inclination to oppose Mr. *Sweetwood* in Arms, had a fixt Resolution to torment him in his Love: It is the Coward's Disposition never to forgive; he therefore finding that Mr. *Sweetwood* was gone to *London* after the Viscountess, took the Resolution of following

Following her thither also; he was determined to defer, if not totally prevent, the Marriage and Happiness of this Pair.

WITH this Intent he waited on Mr. *Muckworm*, and told him that Lady *Flimsy* was about to marry Mr. *Sweetwood*; "but," says he, "Sir, she is not yet of Age, and cannot marry without your Consent; surely you will not give her leave to ruin herself by wedding a Fellow, whose Estate, at best, is not six hundred Pounds a Year."

"SIR," says *Muckworm*, "I thought she had been free from my Guardianship after being once married." "Not till she is of Age," says *Beef*. "Now if you will oblige her to marry me, I'll settle my whole Estate upon your Family if I have no Children, or in case they do not live."

He then explained who he was, with adding, "you see, Sir, there can be no one whom I care Six-pence for, but myself; wherefore you are as welcome to my Estate as another, provided I have no Children."

THIS

THIS Offer struck Mr. *Muckworm* with much Force; he knew the Viscountess had a Year to be of Age, and concluded, that the Abstinence of twelve Months was a trying Circumstance to a Widow; he had ever formed his Judgment of the Sexes by himself and his Wife, and firmly believed, that every Man, and every Woman, were equally adapted for each other: Under this Conviction he determined to consult Mrs. *Muckworm* on this Affair.

“WHAT dost think, Mistress,” says he, “here’s a Gentleman hath been to see me, and tells me Lady *Flimsy* is about marrying Mr. *Sweetwood*?”

“THERE let her marry him if she will, a proud Minx, she has never had the Manners to visit me since her last Marriage; let the World know how you disposed of her to a Lord, and she has thrown herself away on a poor Country Squire; I would not meddle in it, was I you.” “Ah, but Wife,” says *Muckworm*, “he tells me I can prevent the Match, and that he will settle his whole Estate, which is very great, in case of Default of Issue, on my Family, if I can engage her to marry him.”

“AH,

“ Ah, that is quite another Thing, if
 “ you, or your Children, are likely to be
 “ the better for it, prevent her to be sure ; I
 “ would make the proud Minx suffer for
 “ her Neglect, she should know what
 “ it was to offend her Guardian,” says
 Mrs. *Muckworm*.

THE Matter then being settled between
 Lord *Beef*, and Mr. *Muckworm*, the Mer-
 chant was to write a Letter to Lady *Flimsy*,
 and forbid her marrying Mr. *Sweetwood*.

SWEETWOOD having passed the Evening
 with Lady *Flimsy* in mutual Delight and
 Passion, said, “ Now, Madam, the last Sun
 “ has set upon our Separation, and my
 “ Misery; to-morrow makes me the hap-
 “ piest of Men;” Lord *Liberal*, and his
 Lady, had promised to be early with Lady
Flimsy; his Lordship being to give her
 away.

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. *Sweetwood* was
 convinced that the succeeding Day was to
 be the happiest since the Creation, when
 he pronounced the Words, *Now the last*
Sun has set upon our Separation; he felt an
 internal Sensation that seemed to give his
 Mind the Negative to this Expression.

He

HE slept not the whole Night, attended with infinite Disquietude; it was not the impatient Joy of coming Happiness, which seemed to prevent his sleeping, but a displeasing Distrust, which differs as much from the other, as the benign Message of an Angel from the terrifying Presence of a Ghost.

THIS, however, he still construed as arising from the timid Disposition of Lovers, eternally anxious through Fear of losing all they Love, and no Presentiment of approaching Evil.

THE Day appearing, after as long and as tedious a Night as he had ever passed, Mr. *Sweetwood* dressed, and repaired to Lady *Flimsy's*; when being admitted he found her bathed in Tears.

ASTONISHED at this Appearance, he ran to her, asking with the most pathetic Request what was the Matter? trembling from the Center of his Soul: "My *Arabella*, tell me what afflicts you, my Soul, tell me, I implore you." She could not prevent her Bosom from being tortured by the Message she had received; yet she was somewhat reluctant in answering this Question;

tion; ashamed to confess, that the Delay of her Marriage a Year, which was all it could do, should give her such infinite Affliction.

“HOWEVER,” she said, “read that Letter,” pointing to one which lay before her; it was directed in this Manner.

To Lady *Flimsy*,

THESE Present.

MR. *Sweetwood* opening it, read, “My Lady, I am informed that you be going to marry Mr. *Sweetwood*; this is, therefore, as the Law directs, to warn you against it; you are not of Age, and I am your Guardian, wherefore I here forbid the Thing; and if you do marry this *Sweetwood*, I will make the Marriage null and void: I have another Man in my Eye who is ten times as rich;

“Your humble Servant,

“M. MUCK WORM.”

MR. *Sweetwood*, at the reading this Letter, was, for a few Minutes, petrified; till his Soul, struck by this Message, like the Rock in the Desert, by the Hand of Moses, poured

poured forth plenteous Streams of Water.
 “ My *Arabella*, my Soul,” looking in her
 Face, “ must this Message be cruelly com-
 “ plied with ? is there no way by which my
 “ Soul can be relieved from this Distress ?
 “ does this cursed Law oblige People to
 “ be chained more than once to all that is
 “ detestable ? is all Choice secluded from
 “ Lovers Hearts, and given to those who
 “ can have no Sensation of such Distress ?”

SHE looked in his Face with flowing
 Eyes, more eloquent in Silence than Words
 can make her ; at length she sigh’d, and
 said, “ ’tis but a Year ; then this Thralldom
 “ ends.” “ A Year,” cried *Sweetwood*,
 “ an Hour is more than Ages at this In-
 “ stant ; but it shall be yet completed.
 “ Permit me, Madam, to fly instantly,
 “ and consult Council on this Occasion ;
 “ I am almost sure that this Arrogance is
 “ contrary to Law : Shall we be so treated
 “ without knowing whether he has a Right
 “ or not.” “ As you please, Sir,” says
 she.

MR. *Sweetwood* then taking the Letter,
 took a Coach, and hurried to a Tavern
 very near Mr. *Muckworm*’s : In the Way
 he called at his Lodgings, and took a Brace
 of Pistols in his Pocket. Being set down,
 he

he sent a Message to Mr. *Muckworm* as from a Tradesman, who intended to deal with him for the Commodities he sold.

MR. *Muckworm*, ever ready to turn the Penny, complied with the Message; and being arrived at the Tavern, was shewn the Room in which Mr. *Sweetwood* was; each of these Gentlemen was unknown to the other.

SWEETWOOD therefore began, with saying, "Sir, your Name is *Muckworm*, I presume." "Yes, Sir, at your Service," replied the Merchant. "Pray are you the Gentleman that are so rich, the Guardian of Lady *Flimsy*," says *Sweetwood*. "Ho, ho, ho, not so rich, Sir; but I am her Guardian however," answered *Muckworm*. *Sweetwood* then stept to the Door, and locking it, took the two Pistols from his Pocket, and said, "My Name is *Sweetwood*, you have written a Letter to that Lady to-day in which you have prohibited her marrying me; take your Choice of these Pistols; for you or I will die instantly, unless you revoke that Message." This was pronounced with a Face of much Resolution.

MR.

MR. *Muckworm*, not liking this Speech, began to evacuate most powerfully; which, though not by Sweat, answered full as well; Physicians having observed, that frequently one Secretion effects the Purpose of another. Thus stinking and trembling, he said, "I am worth a hundred thousand Pounds, and do not understand Pistols at all." "Sir," says *Sweetwood*, "if you were worth a Million I would immediately shoot you; unless you give me, under your Hand, your Consent to marry Lady *Flimsy*. Must I be twice rendered miserable by your Villainy?" This Situation was too perilous to be dallied with; *Muckworm* therefore answered he would give his Consent.

A PEN, Ink, and Paper, being called for, the Merchant wrote a Revocation of his former Letter, giving Mr. *Sweetwood* his full Consent to marry Lady *Flimsy*.

IN the mean while, Lord and Lady *Liberal* came to Lady *Flimsy*'s to attend the nuptial Ceremony; when seeing something unusual in the Face of Lady *Flimsy*, who affected a Kind of false Gaiety with a Pair of tell-tale blood-shot Eyes, as if to conceal some eternal Disquietude; they were

4

under

under some Dilemma as to the Occasion, looking in one another's Face in doubt how to behave.

At length the Earl asked if Mr. *Sweetwood* was not yet come; the Viscountess answered that he was gone to his Lawyer. "Poor Lady," says the Earl, "what the Writings are not finished, and the Wedding is to be deferred a whole Day may be." "Not on that Account I assure you, my Lord," says she. This ambiguous Expression alarmed Lady *Liberat*, when she said to the Viscountess, "Madam, I intreat you make me acquainted with what has happened; something I saw in your Face at the Moment of our coming has disquieted you, I know you will tell me." "I will retire," says the Earl. "Not at all," says Lady *Flimsy*, "read that Letter:" When reading *Muckworm's* Letter, he burst out a Laughing. "Poor Thing, did he intend taking away her Sweet-heart," says the Earl. Lady *Flimsy* hung her Head, and the Countess smiled at the Account.

"HOWEVER," says the Earl, "here is one Consolation for you, this Fellow's Inclination has out-shot his Power, the Law gives Guardians no Authority over

“ Widows under Age; he is mistaken in
 “ his Aim, though it proves him a Ras-
 “ cal.”

THE Words were scarce finished when Mr. *Sweetwood* entered with *Muckworm's* Consent. Lord *Liberal* was much diverted at this Hurry of the Lovers. The Ceremony of Marriage was then finished, and the Day spent in great Pleasure; this Circumstance of Distress not a little contributing to the Sprightliness of the Conversation.

IN two Days Mr. *Sweetwood* and Lady *Flimsy* left *London* for *Worcestershire*; to which Place, wishing them a happy Journey, we conclude this Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. LXXXVIII.

In which Lady Betty Wrigle once more appears to our Readers; she endeavours to disturb the Happiness she cannot enjoy. Mr. Vainlove, and his Character, make their first Entrance. A small Conversation.

LADY Betty Wrigle, whom we have already mentioned, by no means satisfied with missing the Earl of *Liberal*, and taking no Joy in the rising Reputation of the Countess, was maliciously hatching how she might disturb the Quiet of this happy Pair, and poison the Stream of that Delight which they were drinking, and she was forbidden to taste.

JEALOUSY was the Seed, which she knew could it be sown between them, would effectually, like Tares, choke the blooming Plant of mutual Joy.

SHE therefore laid about for a proper Person to dispatch as an Emissary to accomplish this Design: No long Search determined her to pitch on a young Officer in the Guards of her Acquaintance; he was

six foot high, well made, and of a good Family; this, with an excessive Self-love, and high Opinion of his Person, rendered him extremely open to the artful Insinuations of whoever flattered him in these Qualities: He was far from being void of Understanding, but that was almost drowned in an Ocean of Vanity.

THIS young Gentleman, in visiting Lady *Betty* one Day, was relating the charming Hours he had spent at Lord *Liberal's*:
 “Upon my Soul,” says he, Lady *Betty*,
 “so much Beauty, and so much Modesty,
 “mixt with such excellent Understanding,
 “was never in one Woman; and yet all
 “these are inferior to her Good-nature.”

“HER Good-nature indeed!” says Lady *Betty* sneering.

“WHY, Madam,” says young *Vainlove*,
 “is she not good-natur’d?”

“TO a Miracle,” replied Lady *Betty*;
 “no one has given such Proofs so soon after
 “Marriage, I believe.”

“MADAM, I fear you insinuate what is
 “not true.”

“GOOD

" Good lack, I am not acquainted with
 " her being at an Affignation with Capt.
 " *Bounce*, am I? Do you imagine because
 " he is a Coward, and had not Resolution
 " to defend what he had said of her, that
 " the Affair was all a Falshood? No, no,
 " my Servant dogg'd her in her Chair to a
 " Place of Rendezvous within six Days
 " after she was married with that very
 " Man." She then rang the Bell, and bid
Thomas enter. " Pray *Thomas*, did not
 " you follow Lady *Liberal* to a Rendez-
 " vous within six Days after she was married,
 " and see Capt. *Bounce* go into the same
 " House?" " Yes, my Lady," says *Tho-*
mas, who understands always by the Ques-
 tion which way it is to be answered.

" WELL, Mr. *Vainlove*, what say you to
 " this?"

" FAITH, my Lady, I could not have be-
 " lieved it, but you Women are such con-
 " founded Hypocrites; I never saw such
 " Appearance of true Tenderness between
 " a Man and Woman in my Life," says
 the Officer.

" WHY, *Vainlove*," says Lady *Betty*, " she
 " said such Things in Favour of you at a Place
 L 3 " where

" where I met her by Accident in a Visit,
 " that upon my Honour I never heard the
 " like come from any Woman's Lips,
 " attended with such wishing Looks and
 " luscious Warmth in the Expression, that
 " no one of the Company missed taking
 " notice of it; a Fort-night's Pursuit carries her."

" Poh, poh, my Lady, you rally, I am
 " convinced you do."

" Not I, upon my Word it is sincerely
 " true; but I shall say no more in this
 " Affair: You will accuse me by-and-by
 " of persuading you to an Intrigue, which
 " God knows I would not do for any Consideration in Life; I would not be instrumental in spoiling their Happiness, that will come soon enough without my Assistance: For, upon my Honour *Vain-love*, it is your Fault, if this Angel, of such celestial Qualities, does not prove a mere Woman in your Arms within this Month." The Visiting ending, we end this Chapter.

C H A P. LXXXIX.

Mr. Vainlove commences an Intrigue, which leads him to a French Refugee; and brings the Reader acquainted with a Doctor in Philosophy, a Doctor in Physic, a Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Berlin, and a Writer of Reviews, and J—rnaux Brit-niques, all most illustriously combined in one Thing, happily distinguished in Soul and Body; in which his Physic and Philosophy, his Science and Literature, are truly displayed for the good of all Students in these various Branches, without desiring a Patent for the Discovery.

THE Conversation of this Visit dwelt in *Vainlove's* Mind; he could not divest himself of what Lady *Betty* had told him: He therefore, much assisted by his natural Prevention in Favour of himself, began to think it possible; particularly as one Day dining at the Earl's, a Pistol fired in the Street made the Countess start suddenly at the Table from the Noise, and catch hold of Mr. *Vainlove's* Arm, who sat next to her.

VANITY converts every Accident into real Design; and this Accident, together with the precious Story of Lady *Betty*, convinced Mr. *Vainlove*, that this Fright was all pretended; and that she had taken this Occasion to squeeze his Arm, and tell him by that Means that she had a Passion for him.

RESOLVED therefore to continue this Intrigue, so happily begun, he set about enquiring how a Letter might be conducted safely and secretly to her Hands; he was afraid to trust one of the Servants with the Conduct of it, lest that might hint the Intent, and discover the Design: He therefore found out, that my Lord's Valet de Chambre was a Swiss, and that he was extremely intimate with a Refugee *French* Doctor in *Soho*. It seems these Fellows from their original Meanness of Birth, have ever made it a Rule to be intimately acquainted with the Valets de Chambre, or Lady's Woman, in all Houses where these Servants are Foreigners; and thus, by their being recommended to the Masters and Mistresses, have not unfrequently crept into Favour with the Family.

THIS

THIS Man (having found him by the Account he had heard, truly adapted to his Purpose) *Vainlove* determined to employ on this Occasion.

Now this same Doctor is perhaps of all human Beings the most singular and contemptible; his Appearance being the meanest, and his Aspect the most depreciating in all human Nature. Added to this, it seems he has taken it into his Imagination, that a great Wig is essentially necessary to the Dignity of a Doctor; for which Reason, his Head is covered with as much Hair, as would, were it Straw, thatch a Cottage; and through this Integument, he peeps like King *Charles* in the Sign of the Royal Oak, a small Face surrounded with a Wood of Leaves. Nature to complete this happy Production, has placed his two Eyes like *Tuesday* and *Wednesday*, for ever following one another; the left always turning to look after the right, which cautiously avoids being seen by its Fellow; his Wig also, as if it was ashamed to be seen by these Eyes, or in his Company, is for ever stealing away from the right Side, and walking round to the Left; by this means the right Ear is eternally left uncovered, and the left Cheek in a total Eclipse.

THESE personal Faults, however, would with Injustice be imputed to him, if with all these, and an Understanding as much distorted and awry as his two Peepers, or his Wig, did he not take it into his Head to believe himself a Beauty, and set up for a Critic in Philosophy, and Literature of all Kinds, publickly declaring himself equal to every Thing, from the lightest Tale to the deepest Metaphysics, from Addition in Arithmetic to the most abstruse Mathematics, with all other Species of Writing in Verse and Prose, gay and serious, and even in our Language, which he does not understand; a Sample of *Dutch* Ignorance, grafted on *French* Self-sufficiency, being of the Education of the first, and Race of the last. These ill-grounded Pretensions, together with the Meanness of his Heart, have rendered him the Contempt and Ridicule of all who know him.

THIS Being *Vainlove*, pretending to be sick, sent for, intending by that means, to open his Design, and not abruptly tell him his Intention of employing him in so despicable an Affair, as carrying a Letter of Intrigue.

THE

THE Servant then being dispatched to *Thr—st—street*, found the Doctor at home, translating the original Criticisms of his *J—r—l Br-t-n-q-e* from the trite Observations of the *Montbley-review* ready to go to his Patient before he knew where ; however, having received the Message, he accompanied the Servant, and talked much to him in the Way concerning his great Business amongst the Nobility.

BEING at length arrived at *Vainlove's* Lodgings, it was with great Difficulty that gallant young Gentleman refrained from laughing at the Sight of this despicable Being, this inverted Beesom ; Dr. *Swift's* Meditation in the Manner of the honourable *Mr. Boyle*, coming into his Head, he scarce withheld himself from saying, surely mortal Man is a Broomstick.

HOWEVER, composing the Muscles of Risibility, which were almost again decomposed by the Doctor's reverential awkward Bow ; he desired him to feel his Pulse, declaring he was much out of Order ; the Ridiculousness of the Figure determining him to take some Diversion with him.

THE

THE DOCTOR then taking *Vainlove's* Arm with all possible Solemnity of Phyz, began to feel his Pulse with profound Attention, when he cried out, "tic, tic, tic, tac, tac, " tac, vat de Devil be in de Pulse, I tink, " vere be your Pain, tell a me Ser?"

"IN this Part," pointing to his Breast, says *Vainlove*.

"A—H—E," says the Doctor, "*Tific poumonic*, by Gar de Pulse be very tific " and poumonic, I tell you dat."

"NO Doctor, you are mistaken, that is " not my Disorder."

"WHAT den?" says the Doctor, "tell " a me Ser."

"THAT I must leave you to decide " Doctor," answered *Vainlove*.

"A—H—E, dat be no Matter, I cure " de Pashan as vell ven I do not know a de " Disese as ven me do, me vil tell a you " my Manner to treat de Malade, you " shall hear a me reson upon dat Mat- " ter.

"DE

“ DE Difese you know, Ser, do ly in
 “ de Body in some Part or de oder. I no
 “ mind a de Principe, if I do kill a de Difese,
 “ by Gar, dat is all de Doctor can do.”

“ IT is extremely true, Doctor,” answered *Vainlove*.

“ VEL, now you shall see I take a de
 “ Difese as Mareshall *Saxe* did take a de
 “ Town: By Gar me charge all a my
 “ Artillery vid de Electuare, de Bolus, de
 “ Julep, de Draf, de Apozeme, de Emul-
 “ shon, de Tisan, de Bouillon, de Powder,
 “ de Pill, de Blister, de Glister, de Purge,
 “ de Emetic, de Suderific, de Diuretic,
 “ and all de Medicine in de Vorld by
 “ Gar.” (telling all these on his Fingers)
 “ Den I let a fly all dis at vance at my
 “ Pashan, as de Difese do lye in de Body,
 “ vere shall it hide to escape a my Dis-
 “ charge by Gar; I hit all de Body, and
 “ kill a de Difese, it is no possieble it can
 “ escape: dat is my way to take a de Dif-
 “ ese.”

“ BUT pray, Doctor, by this violent
 “ Manner of attacking the Body, do not
 “ your Patients sometimes die as well as
 “ the Distemper?”

“ By

“ By Gar dat be de only van diable d’
“ Accident dat do attend a my Pratique,
“ de Pashan be so fond of de Malady he
“ vill die for Grief ven I kill a de Disese;
“ but by Gar, Ser, dat be not a my Faut
“ if de Pashan vill die when I kill a de
“ Disese; how can I help dat, Ser ?”

“ RIGHT, Doctor; but I am told you
“ are full as good a Critic as Physician,
“ and a better Philosopher than both;
“ don’t you write the *J—r—l Br-t-n-q-e*,
“ and treat Authors as you do your Pa-
“ tients, by letting fly your Artillery of
“ Learning against Books, as you do Me-
“ dicines against Bodies?”

“ DAT is very true, Ser, I do vrite a
“ dat Book, dere is de great Cannon Mr.
“ *B—w*, de great Mr. *G——ts*, and his
“ Lady, and a myself do vrite de Review,
“ dere is de Book for you by Gar.”

“ PRAY, Doctor, do you read all the Books
“ you criticise in these Writings of yours?”
says *Vainlove*.

“ ME vill tell you, Ser, how I do make
“ a de Critique; but as I am Doctor in
“ Philosophy,

“ Philosophy, I vill make a de Syllogis for
 “ dat.

“ DE Man who be de Fool cannot make
 “ a de good Book, dat be de Majore.

“ DE Man who do not present a me his
 “ Book be very Fool, dat be de Minore.

“ DERFORE de Book be—hay—vat—by
 “ Gar I have forgot a my Philosophy, vat
 “ a Diable is come a my Head? I no make
 “ a de Syllogis ner de Conclusfon.”

“ I UNDERSTAND you, Doctor,” says
Vainlove, “ you conclude, that all Books
 “ are extremely ill written which are not
 “ given you by the Authors of them; and
 “ all those very well, that are, and so form-
 “ ing their Merit from these Circumstances,
 “ criticise accordingly without reading a
 “ Word of either.

“ DAT is de Ting, by Gar,” replied the
 Doctor, “ ve do a de same Ting in de
 “ *Review*.”

“ YOUR Method, Doctor, is somewhat
 “ singular; however, as my Disorder does
 “ not require all your Artillery, prescribe
 “ me a purging Potion, and send your
 “ Journal

“ Journal along with it this Evening,” says *Vainlove*.

“ By Gar dat be de right Jugeman, no
 “ two ting in the World do go so vell to-
 “ geder, as my Purgative and my Book,
 “ all a my Pashan allwise take a van vid
 “ de oder.”

“ I suppose then, Doctor, you write in
 “ the new Way, the Leaves of your Jour-
 “ nal are very detergent.”

“ VAT is dat de detergent Vriting? By
 “ Gar, me no understand a dat.”

“ THE new Way, the wiping Way, its
 “ much in Fashion at present, Doctor.”

“ A—H—E, by Gar mine be much in
 “ dat Fashan, de viping Way; den I do
 “ assure you, dat mine be de very viping
 “ Way; but, Ser, I desire one Ting, dat
 “ you vill mark the Reflexhon, and de
 “ Vit in my Journal.

“ You may depend on it, Doctor, every
 “ Leaf shall be marked by To-morrow
 “ Evening,” replied *Vainlove*.

“ A—H—E,

" A—H—E, dat be too mush, you are
 " too good; but I shall be very mush
 " oblige for you for dat, me vill show a
 " your Remark to de Royale Societé, it
 " vill do a me mush Honor dere.

" THAT is another Honour, I did not
 " know you were distinguished with, Doc-
 " tor."

" By Gar,—and of *Berlin* too, me vill
 " tell you dat, Ser; de Royale Societé of
 " *Lonton* did chuse a me, because I vas de
 " most singular Ting in de Vorld, and de
 " Society of *Berlin*, because dey did be-
 " lieve it in de Letter: Do you know
 " de Reson why I vas made Member of
 " de Royale Societé?"

" No, Doctor, indeed I do not."

" By Gar, me vill tell a you dat; you
 " know, Ser, dat de common Man begin
 " his Vill vid, I give a my Body to be
 " decently interr'd. How you tink I make
 " a my Vill? by Gar like de Philosophe;
 " I say, I give a my Body to de Royale
 " Societé to be smoak'd and dry'd, and
 " to be put in the grand Collecshon of Sir
 " *Hans Sloane*, to be placed on de Pedestal;
 " vere

“ vere should de Philosophe be placed,
 “ but vid de Philosophy; vid dis Inscript-
 “ tion; it begin like *Louis Quatorze*, here
 “ it is,” taking it from his Pocket, written
 as follows, “ de first be de *Lattain* for de
 “ Scholar, de rest be de *Englise* for all de
 “ World.”

Semiviro immortal.

Here continues to stand
 In his original Perfection

J. M——y,

Doctor in Physic,

Doctor in Philosophy,

Fellow of the Royal Society of *London*,

And of *Berlin*;

That being so marvelously favoured

By Providence,

Selected

From all the Race of the Creation,

To be the distinguished Link

In the great Chain

Of Nature

That does so amazingly join

the Monkey

and the

Man.

“ VERY

“VERY extraordinary, and very true,
“indeed,” says *Vainlove*. “Providence
“has been extremely kind in thus favour-
“ing you above all Creatures, and you are
“grateful to remember it I find; for aught
“I see, Doctor, provided you are well
“dry’d and preserv’d, you may be perso-
“nally known a thousand Years hence, to
“as great Advantage as at present.”

“By Gar dat is my Invenshon to make
“a me immortel, ven my Book be eaten
“by de Vorm.”

“OR used with your Physic,” says *Vain-
love*.

“RIGHT, Ser, den I stand de Admira-
“shon of all de World.”

“INDEED,” says *Vainlove*, I greatly ap-
“plaud the Royal Societies for having
“chosen so singular a Member, and you
“for this happy Thought of Immortality.”

“BUT, Doctor, permit me to tell you
“that I have yet a farther Business with
“you; I am told no Man in *Europe* deli-
“vers a Letter, or carries on an Intrigue
“with half your Address and Secrecy;
“you

“ you beat even our Ministry in Secrecy,
 “ when they know not what they are
 “ doing.”

“ DAT be very true, by Gar, dere be
 “ no Man dat do keep a de Secret like a
 “ myself; de *Englisch* Docteur, be de Diable
 “ for de Intrigue, dat be reserved for de
 “ Honor of the *French* Docteur.”

“ SIR, you are right, the *Englisch* Phy-
 “ sicians know nothing of it.”

“ By Gar it may look like de Insolance;
 “ but I tink I could teach a de Royale So-
 “ cieté dat Ting myself.”

“ I BELIEVE it, Doctor, therefore I re-
 “ quest you would find some Means to
 “ deliver this Letter secretly to Lady Li-
 “ beral, you are acquainted with the Fa-
 “ mily.”

“ LET a me alone for dat, by Gar me
 “ vill do a de ting; let a me alone.”

VAINLOVE then gave him the Letter, and
 a Guinea, both which the Doctor very
 respectfully receiving, walked off with
 much internal Glee.

JUST

Just as he was taking Leave, a Companion of *Vainlove's* came into his Lodgings; he was dumb with Amazement at the Appearance of so odd a Creature; "In the Name of Goodness, what can that Animal be, which is just gone from you?" says the Visiter.

"No less," says *Vainlove*, "than a Doctor in Philosophy and Physic, and Fellow of two Royal Societies; it seems he, *B——w*, and *G——ts* the Bookseller, form the Alliance which produces the Monthly Review; this accounts for the singular Criticisms which are to be found in it, a dignified Informer, a *French* Refugee, and a Runagado from the Church of *England*, an excellent Triumvirate of Critics indeed; by which Means, whatever attacks the Infamy of the first, and supports our Constitution, is sure to meet Defamation; the latter prefers Translations from the *French* to our own Language, and the last all that is immoral, impious, schismatical, and against the established Church, to the contrary of these. This Discovery partly accounts for all the absurd Misrepresentations of that *Review*; but, indeed, the World now judges diametrically
3 "opposite

“ opposite to their Decisions, and never
 “ fails purchasing the Books they dis-
 “ praise; this is my Rule, and the Ap-
 “ probation of the World confirms this
 “ Truth.”

AND with this Truth we end this Chap-
 ter.

C H A P. XC.

*Vainlove enjoys the Idea of coming Happi-
 ness; writes a most lovely Love Epistle.
 Lady Liberal's Behaviour not amiss to be
 imitated by young Wives, perhaps. Master
 Doctor writes a second Purge, tho' the
 Patient has not taken the first; Reasons for
 such Proceedings. Mr. Vainlove's Dress
 and Impatience cured by a Look. A Paral-
 lel of the same Man, between himself and
 himself at two different Times.*

THE next Morning Master Doctor,
 having thatch'd his Noddle with his
 enormous Perriwig, and tuck'd on his
 Sword to his Side, sallied forth to pay a
 Visit to his Friend, the Valet de Chambre
 of

of my Lord *Liberal*. After having past the previous Ceremonies, he prevailed on the *Swiss*, without Difficulty, to deliver the Letter to his Lady. Now this Species of *Europeans* never suggest farther than they see, by which means, perceiving there was nothing amiss in the Superscription, which he saw, he concluded there was none in the Inside, which he did not see; he, therefore, delivered it secretly to the Countess, as he had been desired; it was directed To the Right Honourable the Countess of *Liberal*.

“ M A D A M,

“ It is impossible for human Eyes to
 “ behold your Face without loving; and
 “ tho’ my Lips could never presume to
 “ tell you this, yet my Heart will not suf-
 “ fer the Secret to rest within my Bosom:
 “ I am, therefore, compelled to this Man-
 “ ner of declaring it; you alone can com-
 “ pleat my Misery or Happiness; look on
 “ me with Compassion, and permit me to
 “ lay myself at your Feet, to implore some
 “ favourable Attention to my Passion;
 “ consider, Madam, that Heaven delights
 “ in communicating Happiness to Mor-
 “ tals; as you resemble it in Beauty, be
 “ like

“ like it in Mercy, and save the Man who
 “ is dying for your Charms.

“ I am,

“ May it please your Ladyship,

“ Your most obedient,

“ Most faithful,

“ And most humble Servant,

FR. VAINLOVE.

AFTER Lady *Liberal* had read this Letter she said, “ *Vainlove*, and a *Billet Doux*,
 “ what can be the Cause of this Insolence?
 “ Has my Behaviour been such as can suggest a Thought of my being false to
 “ Lord *Liberal*? Or is it the present reigning Taste, that creates this Spirit of Gallantry, and the contemptible Idea of
 “ Women? What a Rattle of Words,
 “ without the least Feeling or Sensation,
 “ does this Letter contain? Yet these probably may have already conduced to
 “ ruin some of our thoughtless Sex. I
 “ will certainly know the Bottom of this.”

HER Ladyship then sent for the *Swiss*, when asking, “ If he knew from whom
 “ he had received that Letter which he delivered

“livered her?” He answered, “Yes, very well.” “Do you know any thing of its Contents?” says Lady *Liberal*. “No, indeed, my Lady,” answered the *Swiss*. “I hope it contains nothing disagreeable.” “Indeed it does,” says Lady *Liberal*; “But I will give you a farther Account. You assure me you know nothing of the Contents?” “I will make the Person swear before your Ladyship, that I do not; or I will cut his Throat,” says the Valet, being grievously afraid of losing his Place, which was very lucrative; no inconsiderable Motive to Men of most Nations, and never neglected by a *Swiss*. “Very well,” says the Countess; “but let every thing alone till you have farther Intelligence from me.” The Valet bowed and withdrew.

LADY *Liberal* then determined, immediately, to send *Vainlove* a Card, and ask him to drink Tea with her that Afternoon: And who should be at *Vainlove*’s Lodgings, giving an Account of his Embassy, when the Card came, but Master *Doctor*. *Vainlove* read aloud, “Lady *Liberal*’s Compliments to Mr. *Vainlove*; desires his Company, to drink Tea this Afternoon, as Lord *Liberal* will be from home.”

"DOCTOR," says *Vainlove*, in Rapture,
"thou art a divine Fellow."

"So me be, by Gar," says the Doctor.

"Did I not tell a you dat dere vas no Man

"so great as myself to carry de Lettre in

"secret? Shall I write you anoder Purge,

"and send a you my Journal?"

"YES, Doctor, with all my Heart," says
Vainlove.

He then wrote again, for the Doctor was
afraid the Guinea would stick, if he did
not pretend to prescribe for it. Having
finished his Prescription, *Vainlove* gave him
two Guineas. When the Doctor bowing,
would have gone on with his Speech, but
Vainlove interrupting him, said, "another
time, Doctor, your Servant:" When again
bowing, this Compound of Philosophy,
Physic, Societies, and Intriguing, left the
Room.

It was now the Mind of *Vainlove* was
elated beyond all Power of conceiving; he
concluded this was a Rendezvous appointed
to make him happy; "To drink Tea, as
"Lord *Liberal* will be from home," says
he;

he; "by—Lady *Betty Wrigle* knows her
"Sex better than I do."

HE then sent for his *Peruquier*, to dress his Hair with the utmost Elegance; he examin'd it with the Glass in his Hand every Moment; his Spirits were so fluttered he could not sit still; every Minute was an Age in a Dungeon, till that arrived which was to carry him to Lord *Liberal's*; he dressed himself in his most elegant Apparel, surveyed himself a thousand times in the Glass, walked with his Sword on two Hours before the Time came that it was proper to go; asked his Servant if he was well dress'd twenty times; and scented his Handkerchief again and again, lest the Odour should be lost by long tarrying.

At length, box'd in a Chair, he was happily landed at the House of Lord *Liberal*, and soon conducted to the Apartment in which Lady *Liberal* was to receive him.

HE entered alertly, with Smiles upon his Face, bowing, and was approaching her Ladyship to throw himself at her Feet; but a Kind of a Coolness in her Looks, which he did not like, check'd his Impulse; like a keen northern Blast let in upon the Plants

in a Hot house, it stopt the Vigor of his Passion for a Moment.

HER Ladyship then taking the Letter he had sent her from her Pocket, asked him if he wrote that Epistle; to which *Vainlove* replied he did: "Then pray, Sir," says the Viscountess, "have the Goodness to tell me from what Appearance in my Behaviour you could suggest me capable of being false to my Lord *Liberal*?"

THIS Question, asked with Firmness by so fine a Woman, coming with the full Force of Beauty and Virtue, threw the poor Swain into the utmost Confusion.

"SIR," says Lady *Liberal*, "I must insist on your telling me, that henceforth I may guard myself against all such Appearances: It is not sufficient for me that I know my Heart incapable of deviating one Moment from adoring the Man I love, and to whom my Soul is indebted for all its Felicity: If my Actions, however innocent, seem to speak the contrary, I shall never be at Ease till correct them."

VAINLOVE, in amaze, protested he had never seen any Action which could possibly

hint any Thought, of her being untrue to her Lord.

“WHENCE then, Mr. *Vainlove*, “did”
“you presume to write to me in this Man-
“ner.”

THE Officer, confounded to the last Degree by this Question, told her Ladyship the whole Affair of Lady *Betty Wrigle*, as we have related it; then dropping on his Knees, asked her Pardon.

“RISE, Sir, immediately,” says Lady *Liberal*, “you have my Pardon, provided”
“you acquaint Lady *Betty* that her Malice”
“has failed in this illiberal attempt upon”
“my Happiness. But, Sir,” she continued,
“you can never visit this House again;
“your past Conversation with Lady *Betty*
“must for ever banish you these Walls;
“she shall never enjoy a Pretext, for say-
“ing, that the Man she had set on to at-
“tack my Virtue, can see the Inside of
“this Dwelling after that Attempt. But
“pray did the Person who brought the
“Letter suggest what it contained?” “I
“believe he did, my Lady,” answered
Vainlove.

"SIR," says Lady *Liberal*, "I hope this Rebuke will prevent you from all such Attempts on other Ladies." When saying this, she left the Room, and Mr. *Vainlove* the House.

No two Persons can be more unlike, than the *Vainlove* who entered the House, and the *Vainlove* who left it; from the Summit of impending Bliss, to the Abyss of Disappointment. Such was the mighty Fall of *Vainlove* ten times higher than *Vulcan's*, when *Jupiter* hurl'd him from the Skies into *Lemnos*.

C H A P. XCI.

Mr. Doctor, contrary to the general Complaint, receives a satisfactory and just Reward of his Merit and his Labours.

LADY *Liberal* then sent for the *Swiss*, and told him, that the Person who had delivered him the Letter, knew the Contents; which, as they were very unmanly, she left him to chastise his Insolence, according to his Merit.

FRANK,

FRANK, my Lady's Servant, being acquainted with this also by the *Swiss*, who was really a very honest Fellow, they agreed together to take some small Vengeance on Master *Doctor* for his Impudence; and the Resolution was to unite *Tom* and *Richard* in the Scheme, and give Master *Doctor* a gentle Tofs in a Blanket.

The next Morning the *Doctor* came to see his *Swiss* Friend, when being asked if he knew what the Letter contained, and answering, yes, with a Leer; the *Swiss*, without Hesitation, took him by the Collar, and led him into the Court behind the House; when *Frank*, and the other two appearing with a Blanket, each took a Corner, and tumbled Master *Doctor* into the Middle of it.

"By Gar, vat vill you do?" says the *Doctor*, "vill you tofs de *Doctor* in Philosophy in de Blanket?"

"ONE Tofs for the *Doctor* in Philosophy," says *Frank*, and up he goes, the great Wig flying one way, and the Sword spreading out another; when being again received in the Cloath, "I am de *Doctor* in Physic," cries the Culprit,

"ONE Toss for the *Doctor* of Physic," says *Tom*, and up he goes. "You dog, by *Gar*, me be Member of de Royale *Societé*."

"ONE Toss for that too," says *Dick*, and up flies Master *Doctor* again. "By *Gar* me be of *Berlin* too."

"ONE Toss for *Berlin*," says the *Swiss*, and up flies Master *Doctor*; "and now," says the *Swiss*, one Toss for bringing the Letter; which being done, Master *Doctor* was dismissed with a general Laugh and a Shout, in woful Plight; *Frank* saying, "now go and clean yourself with the *Leaves* of your Journal, Master *Doctor*."

THIS Chapter being full of Action, we chuse to make it a short, tho' not a sweet one, and conclude.

CHAP.

C H A P. XCH

Which includes Lady Liberal's Behaviour in an Article of more Importance than it may at first seem to be.

LADY Liberal breakfasting with the Earl, with a smile began, "My dear I shall never be able to confine myself to you, I am afraid; my Heart is already attacked by a Man, whose Profession it is to subdue all Things; how shall I resist?"

"WHAT Whim is gotten into your Head now?" says the Earl. "Upon my Word," says the Countess, "it is true; read that Letter." At which Words, the Earl reading *Vainlove's* Letter, could not refrain from Laughing, and saying, "poor Swain." "Nay," says her Ladyship, "I am greatly advanced in the Spirit of Intrigue, I have given him a Rendezvous already, so very complying I am by Nature. When my Swain, alas! confessed, that Lady Betty Wrigle had insinuated to him that I had been already false to you with Captain Bounce, and

"this his Behaviour has been the Result
 "of her Persuasion and Artifice."

"Poor Devil," says the Earl, "how
 "did he behave?"

"In the utmost Confusion," replied the
 Countess.

"We must ask him to dine," says the
 Earl, "To-morrow, my dear *Lydy*, and
 "laugh at him for this Imposition."

"No, my Lord," replied the Countess,
 "I have already banished him this House;
 "Lady *Betty Wringle* shall never have it in
 "her Power to insinuate, from the least
 "possible Appearance of my Conduct, any
 "Thing to my Dishonour."

"SURELY you don't think me capable
 "of Jealousy, you little Fool," says the
 Earl. "No, but I am, and ever will be
 "jealous of my Honour, since you have
 "distinguished me from the rest of my
 "Sex; I will be the Wife you have chosen,
 "and never trifle with the least Article
 "which can suggest a Diminution of that
 "Virtue which you deserve, and I have
 "always cherished."

"You

"You will gain my Approbation in every thing; let it be as you please," says the Earl, with a Kiss.

"You will take no Notice of this to *Vainlove*," says the Countess. When saying this, the *Swiss* entered with an Account of Master *Doctor's* Treatment, which was Matter of no small Laughter to the Earl and his Countess.

C H A P. XCH.

The different Sensations in the human Breast, which accompany what we love, and what we hate. Lady Flimsy's Letter to Lady Liberal on that Subject.

LADY *Flimsy* being now returned to *Fairland-hall*, wedded to the Man she loved, lived in the Enjoyment of one continued Ecstasy; The different Sensations which succeeded the nuptial Day of my Lord *Flimsy*, and those which attended her Union with Mr. *Sweetwood* were inexpressible; Horrors, Dislike, and Aversion increasing

creasing every Moment after the first; Delight, sympathetic Joy, and unsensual Desire, improving continually since the last; each Look was now attended with reciprocal Felicity, as the former was with mutual Dislike; those Lips which could not speak to the late Lord *Flimsy* without the utmost Reluctance, were now employed in all the pleasing Expressions which Love dictates to those whose Bosoms are truly inspired with that celestial Passion; their Imaginations exalted every common Incident into Transport; they never wished for the Company of others to lighten the Weight that hangs heavy on the Hands of too many married Pair: Time was only kill'd when Company interrupted their mutual Endearments; the shady Walks, the Rills of Water, sequester'd Scenes, and rural Retirement, which suit the Minds of Man and Woman sentimentally in Love, were the frequented Places of this happy Pair of Lovers.

MANY were the Letters which passed between Lady *Flimsy* and the Countess of *Liberal*, one of which we shall give our Readers at present only, as it seems to contain something more interesting, and heart-felt than those which are generally written.

written from Lady to Lady on such Occasions, particularly as it shews the Sensation which Love creates in the Minds of those who are truly formed for its purest Reception.

“MADAM,

“IN writing this Letter to your Ladyship, it is with Pain I am withheld from invoking every Power that Poets implore to their Assistance, so full is my Bosom with the Subject of it: How shall I explain to you the different Sensation of my Soul after this and my former Marriage? This Heart, which was once oppressed with eternal Pain and Aversion, is now dancing the flowery Round of Love exulting in Delight: The Name of Husband, which was heretofore more detestable to my Ears than the Raven’s Croke, is now more charming than the sweetest Sounds of dulcet Harmony; my Eyes gaze, and gaze my very Soul away, meeting his with equal Ecstasy and Ardor; those Lips, which never could be forced to utter one pleasurable Expression to Lord *Flimsy*, my Heart is incessantly prompting with the tenderest Terms of Fondness for him I now possess; those Arms which loathed that Lord,

“are

" are never weary of clasping my Sweet-
 " wood to my Bosom; each Touch is Tran-
 " sport thrilling to my Heart; our Souls
 " are intimately blended, one everlasting
 " Unison and Bliss.

" WHAT has this World to give which
 " can atone for the Absence of this ecstatic
 " State? What Motive could prompt that
 " Rebel of Heaven and Nature to violate
 " the first best Law impressed on human
 " Souls, and compel the Bosoms of celestial
 " Mold to be divided from those they love,
 " and tied to those they hate? Unnatural
 " Law! destructive Institution! for which
 " my Heart, and those of thousands more,
 " have already severely sorrow'd. I am
 " convinced it would be impossible for you
 " to conceive what I at present feel, from
 " any Description Words can impart; but
 " that your Heart, formed with infinite
 " Sensibility, is now enraptured with Joys
 " like those which I possess. Every Word,
 " therefore, my dear Friend, will awaken
 " some sympathetic Idea in your Mind,
 " unknown to those who wed for interested
 " Views.

" CAN that Bosom, which delights in
 " Pomp and pecuniary Possession, taste the
 " Joy which now revels at my Heart?

"when my beloved *Sweetwood* reclining
 "his Head upon my Bosom, pressing my
 "Hand, gazing with Rapture on my
 "Face, mingling Sighs and Vows, the
 "Tear of Pleasure quivering on his Eye-
 "lid, pronounces, My *Arabella*! my Love!
 "my Wife! Or when in return, pressing
 "my Lip to his, amidst unnumber'd Kisses,
 "I cry, my Life! my *Sweetwood*! What
 "inexpressible Sensation of Delight does
 "the Soul at these Moments conceive?
 "Celestial Bliss, untiring, unabated Rap-
 "ture! But I must quit this Subject which
 "would delude me to write eternally, if
 "my Mind was to follow its loved Pro-
 "pensity. I beg your Ladyship to keep
 "this from the Sight of Lord *Liberal*: I
 "remember he smiled at something I once
 "said in relation to Love; he may, per-
 "haps, think this conveys very different
 "Ideas from what your Bosom will con-
 "ceive from it.

"I am,

"Most affectionately,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"ARABELLA FLIMSY."

THIS

THIS Letter Lady *Liberal* read, but when she came to these Words, Keep this from Lord *Liberal*'s Sight, she said, "indeed, my Lady, my dear Lord is as sentimental as any Man that breathes; no human Being has ever felt with more delicate Compassion, loved with more pathetic Sensation, or relieved with more chearful Grace the Miseries of human Kind; indeed I shall tell you that in my Answer."

"WHAT will you tell in your Answer?" says Lord *Liberal*, who entering, overheard the latter Part of this Soliloquy.

"WHY, I shall tell Lady *Flimsy* that she is utterly mistaken in what she thinks of you, and undeceive her.

"How, my dear *Lydy*, does she innuete any thing against me?"

"INDEED she does," answered Lady *Liberal*.

"PRAY let me see it;" when casting his Eyes on that Part, he smiled, recollecting what he had formerly said: "Well *Lydia*, I forgive her."

"BUT

"But I will not," replied the Countess, "till she confesses that no Bosom ever cherished more tender Sentiments of Love, and Seeds of good Action, than that to which I, happiest Woman, am now pressed." Catching Lord *Liberal* in her Arms, whilst his surrounded her in mutual Energy, the Tear of Love and Gratitude stealing down the Cheek of Lady *Liberal* in Silence, and mingling Kisses.

C H A P. XCIV.

Cannassatego returns to our Readers: His Distress relieved by the Earl and Countess of Liberal; wherein is shewn also his Sentiments of the People of England.

ONE Day as Lord and Lady *Liberal* were airing in *Hyde-Park* with Mrs. *Fairchild*, a Pleasure which this happy Pair enjoyed doubly, as it gave Health and Spirits to the Mother of this lovely Countess, Lady *Liberal* looking from the Coach, cried, "Lord bless me, my Dear, see there is *Cannassatego* the *Indian Prince*! he
" looks

“ looks extremely dejected, and his Dress
 “ bespeaks Misery.” “ The *Indian Prince*,
 “ thy Deliverer! can he be in want when I
 “ have Power to relieve him?” says the
 Earl, “ or I?” says *Lydia*. When stopping
 the Coach, a more perfect View convinced
 them both that it was that brave Man
 whom we have just mentioned.

THE Earl perceiving him at a Distance,
 his Head drooping towards the Earth,
 treading the Grassy-surface with most dis-
 consolate Pace, left his Coach, immediate-
 ly hastening towards him; as he approach'd,
 he perceived a Melancholy, of the deepest
 Dye, was spread over his Face, his Bosom
 heaving with heart-felt sighing. At Sight
 of this touching Object, his Lordship cried,
 “ My *Cannassatego*! my Friend! tell me
 “ what causes this too manifest Dejection?”
 The *Indian*, not recollecting the Person
 who spoke, answered, “ Who prophanes
 “ the Name of Friend? it is a Thing un-
 “ known in this Land. Mock me not:
 “ Begone, leave me to my Miseries.”
 “ Have you forgotten me?” replied the
 Earl. “ I am that *Probit* with whom you
 “ came from *America*; and *Lydia*, the
 “ lovely *Lydia*, whom your generous Arm
 “ preserved from Violation, is now behold-
 “ ing you from that Coach, impatient for
 “ your

" your Presence; follow me, I pray; what-
 " ever be your Affliction it shall be re-
 " moved." " Are you that *Probit*? Is
 " that lovely Maid yet living?" answered
 the *Indian*, lifting his Head. " I am, and
 " she is still your Friend with most invio-
 " lable Sincerity," said the Earl. " Do
 " not delude me, I am too miserable to be
 " sported with," answered the Prince,
 sighing from his Soul. " Believe me," said
 the Earl, " my Lips shall utter nothing but
 " Truth."

THEY then walked towards the Coach,
 when coming near the Countess, she cried
 out, " My dear Deliverer! my *Cannassatego*?
 " why this Garb of Wretchedness, this
 " Look of Despair?" At hearing her
 Voice, he exclaimed, " It is the lovely
 " Maid! It is that *Lydia*, Companion of
 " my Voyage!" When dropping on his
 Knee, lifting his Hands and Eyes to Hea-
 ven, he cried with earnest Emphasis, " If
 " that generous Compassion still animates
 " thy Breast which once benignly listened
 " in Pity to my Tales of *Yarico*, oh! send
 " me, I implore you, back to the Arms
 " of that despairing lovely Maid! So may
 " the Great Spirit shower down eternal
 " Bliss upon your Days in one eternal
 " Spring of Joy!"

" RISE!

“ Rise! Life! is this an Attitude to her
 “ whom you have saved from Violation?”
 replied the Countess. “ By Heaven, that
 “ Friendship you shall not want,” answered
 Lord *Liberal*. “ Come into this Coach,”
 “ continued the Countess; “ my House,
 “ my all, shall be yours till the happy Hour
 “ of your Return to all you Love.”

“ DECEIVE me not; will you be true to
 “ your Expressions? Alas! I have been so
 “ little used to the Voice of Truth since
 “ my Arrival, my Soul doubts even of
 “ what your Lips have uttered: You will
 “ forgive me: My Disappointments and
 “ Ill-usage have taught me to lose all Con-
 “ fidence in Man,” said the Prince.

“ Be under no Diffidence,” replied the
 Earl, “ I am, and will be, your constant
 “ Friend: Do I not owe to you my all,
 “ my Happiness? You saved my *Lydia*;
 “ in Gratitude I will restore you to the
 “ Arms of her you adore: The first Ship
 “ which sails to that Part of the Globe,
 “ shall waft you to her Arms; the Bliss
 “ you gave me, I with Joy return.”

“ Is it possible, oh eternal Spirit? Shall
 “ I again be wasted to my Soul's Delight?
 “ Shall

“ Shall those Arms in Ecstasy once more
 “ press her to my Bosom, and those Eyes
 “ wake untired with gazing on her Charms?
 “ My Heart, is this Joy yet in store for
 “ thee?” said the Prince in Raptures.

“ It is, it is,” said the Countess, “ Love
 “ and Happiness, such as this your
 “ Friend,” pointing to the Earl, “ and I
 “ enjoy, shall be the Lot of you and
 “ *Varico*.”

THE *Indian* Chief then entered the Coach,
 when, by the soothing Looks and tender
 Expressions of the Earl and Countess, Mrs.
Fairechild in Compassion assisting to give
 him Consolation, he seemed to recover a
 little. “ My Heart,” says he, “ prompts
 “ me to believe that Happiness is yet re-
 “ served for me; but, alas! so long has
 “ Despair been the Inhabitant of this Bo-
 “ som, that—yet I will believe the pro-
 “ mised Blessing. *Probit* and *Lydia* cannot
 “ know such sudden Change from Truth
 “ to Falshood; you have *Indian* Souls, un-
 “ conscious of Deceit; you cherish nobler
 “ Sentiments than *Britons* know.”

THE Airing being finished, *Cannassatego*
 was carried to the House of Earl *Liberal*,
 where he had an Apartment appointed, and
 all

all possible Care taken of him; he was, as soon as possible, clad becoming his Virtues, and honoured with the strictest Attention. The Servant, who was particularly appointed to wait on him, was in this Manner spoken to by the Earl and Countess.

“THE Person whom you are now ordered to serve, is a brave and generous Prince, and my Friend; to him you are to pay more Attention than even to me.”

THEN turning to his Countess, “my *Lydy*,” says the Earl, “the Treatment he has received in *England*, must have created a general Suspicion; the Souls of Men delicately formed, who taste of Misery, construe the minuteft Appearance of undesigned Neglect into Contempt and Insult.” “Humanely thought,” replied Lady *Liberal*, smiling in his Face, “for which Reason,” continued his Lordship to the Servant, “as you value my Service, let your Behaviour be to him.”

IN a little Time *Cannassatego* seeing himself thus received, cherished and attended, encouraged also with Assurance of returning in the first Ship to his native Land, recovered his Spirits hourly; he was then requested

requested to give an Account of his Reception at the Great Man's; which Word *Great*, however foreign to the present Application, shall prevail on us to conclude the Chapter.

CH A P. XCV.

The Indian Prince describes his Reception in England: The different Idea of our M—r from what he had conceived in his Mind, with many other interesting Particulars.

TH E Indian Chief began in this Manner.

“ At my Arrival to this City, being
 “ dressed in your Habit, I was introduced
 “ to him, who is supposed to preside over
 “ the King's Counsels. I omit mention-
 “ ing the Mistake in seizing me for the
 “ Pretender to the Crown, because it was
 “ not designed: But how shall my Lips
 “ express the Surprise which seized my
 “ Soul at the Sight of that Man? How
 “ different from what my Imagination had
 “ falsely imagined to itself! Instead of that
 “ Person of exalted Aspect, and august
 “ Mein, where Dignity and Wisdom sat
 “ expressed,

“ expressed, and supremely distinguished,
 “ whose every Word and Action bespoke
 “ Sagacity and Knowledge; there appeared
 “ before me that Being undignified by
 “ Nature, ~~is~~ graceful, whiffling, inconsistent,
 “ whose Words hurried out like Water
 “ from an inverted Bottle, included
 “ nothing to be understood, ever beginning,
 “ never closing one Sentence, ramb-
 “ ling from Man to Man, from one Half-
 “ thought to another, the Farce and
 “ Mockery of national Prudence: Can it
 “ be, I said to myself, that this Man can
 “ direct the Business of a People?

“ At length, being permitted to speak
 “ to him, I told him I was come beyond
 “ the great Ocean to smoke the Calumet
 “ of Peace, and brighten up the Chain of
 “ Friendship between the Great King, and
 “ the five Nations: I am come, said I, to
 “ lay the Ill-usage of his Subjects, who
 “ live on our Shores, towards the *Indian*
 “ Race, before him: Our Nations hope
 “ that he will redress the Evils which we
 “ have too long suffered, and plant the
 “ Tree, whose Boughs shall cover with its
 “ hospitable Shade, alike the *European* and
 “ *Indian* People.

“ To

“ To this he answered it should be soon
 “ done, and I should be dismissed.

“ Time after Time I waited, and he
 “ shunn’d me; promised a Million Meet-
 “ ings, violated all: At length, denied En-
 “ trance, I grew persuaded Truth was a
 “ Stranger to his Lips, held him in Scorn,
 “ and was debating, the Moment you beheld
 “ me, whether this Life, depriv’d of see-
 “ ing *Yarico*, my Nation scorn’d, myself
 “ contemn’d, was worth preserving. I had
 “ prepared the Strings of * Wampum to
 “ ratify the Treaties of Alliance to be con-
 “ cluded with the Great King. The
 “ Tiscorhissouffen should have been given
 “ to his M—r; but, alas! such has been
 “ my Reception, I have hitherto found no
 “ Answer, and now Despair of it, rejected
 “ and despised.

* The *Indian Nations* have two Sorts of Strings,
 one of Wampum made of beautiful Shells, which is
 much esteemed, and constantly given to Princes, whose
 Virtues they revere, when they make Alliances with
 them; the other made of a Vegetable, which, in
 their Tongue, is called Tiscorhissouffen. This Word,
 by the best Masters in that Language, is translated in-
 to Hemp in *English*, and presented to inferior Sachems,
 whom they do not so much esteem; both these are
 frequently worn about the Neck.

" Oh! ye *Onondagans*, how are ye fallen!
 " ye ancient Inhabitants of that World,
 " which the great Spirit in vain has given
 " you, Slaves to Men of faithless Souls,
 " whose Lips are fraught with black De-
 " ceit, formed in one Mould, the same
 " Perfidy which went Companion with
 " those who left this Land, yet dwells a-
 " mongst the others which remain.

" WHAT evil Spirit presided at the Mo-
 " ment of my resolving to come hither?
 " Oh! my Life, my *Tarico*, why did I
 " leave thy blooming Beauties, thy Love,
 " thy tender Truth, thy breaking Heart,
 " deluded by the Boast of those, who
 " vaunted high the Justice, Integrity, and
 " Honour, which dwelt amongst this Peo-
 " ple; to save my Country, but in vain, I
 " came. Alas! we are the Scorn of those
 " whose Virtues are all venal; Minions of
 " Dress, a curled pamper'd Race, who
 " tremble at the northern Blasts, the Slaves
 " of Money; that yellow Ore, changes the
 " Face of Nature; the Eye sees not, the
 " Ear hears not; all human Faculties die
 " before its Influence; each liberal Motive
 " of the free-born Soul is quite erased by
 " that pernicious Influence: Oh! Bane of
 " every Virtue, Bane of all our *Indian*
 " Peace

" Peace and Happiness ; Oceans roll be-
 " tween, Rocks, Woods, and Mountains,
 " in vain seclude us from the ravenous
 " Thirst of Gold ; Sensation dies, the Feel-
 " ings of Humanity expire before its bane-
 " ful Breath, frozen is the Heart, the
 " Eye refuses that Tear which Nature
 " gave to wait upon Compassion ; we
 " die upitied like the stricken Deer.
 " Oh, my Country ! Oh *Tarico* ! if e'er
 " these Eyes re-visit and survey the Soil
 " which gave me Birth, and this fond
 " Heart dances with Ecstasy once more
 " at thy sweet Voice, these Lips shall tell
 " the Tale of Horror to the *Onondagan*
 " Nation.

" ALL Commerce shall be broken, the
 " Tree plucked by the Roots, the Chain
 " of Friendship quite neglected, the War-
 " kettle shall be boiled, and Discord eter-
 " nal dwell between us and this faithless
 " Nation.

" BUT whether am I hurried ? Virtue
 " lives in fullest Powers within the Bosom
 " of this happy Pair ; *Probit* and *Lydia*
 " still have *Indian* Souls, miraculous to
 " think ; still uncorrupted 'midst polluted
 " Millions.

DURING this enthusiastic Speech, the Earl and Countess were attentive to what he uttered; at length his Lordship seeing the Vehemence subside, told him that there were many People of great Worth and Virtue in the Kingdom whom he had never seen.

“WHERE are they?” says the Chief, “are they of the Council of the Great King? are they Sachems which direct the Nation?” That indeed, the Earl said, he could not possibly answer to in the Affirmative.

“HAPPY Nation, indeed,” says *Cannasatego*, “where Virtue is exiled from the Throne, and skulks in Shades, ashamed of being seen; can Falshood support a Kingdom, and public Prostitution defend you from your Enemies? Are then your Sachems so iniquitous they dread to trust the Safety of this Realm to the Defence of its Inhabitants; suspecting some latent Virtue remains amongst them to their undoing? Suspicion is the Vice of tainted Hearts.”

THE Earl then told him he would represent his Case to the Great Man; then

turning to the Countess, "though I never
 " intend drawing in his ministerial Wag-
 " gon, I think he will receive me, *Lydia*,
 " as one who designs to serve his Country:
 " This Neglect of the *Indian* Prince may
 " have a greater ill Effect than he may
 " probably imagine."

THE next Day the Earl waited on the
 Great Man, and being admitted, he told
 him the Reason of his coming, and explain-
 ed to him the Necessity there seemed to be
 of sending him away well satisfied with his
 Reception. "The *Indian* Nations, my
 " Lord, will be all against you other-
 " wise." They have no Votes in P——t;
 " no Votes in P——t; have they, my Lord?"
 says the Great Man. "No," says the Earl
 smiling, "they have no Votes in P——t;
 " but they have Votes in their own Nation,
 " which will probably incline that Part of
 " the World to join and assist the *French*,
 " unless you receive this Prince as he ought
 " to be." "Nothing to me, nothing to
 " me," replied the Great Man, "parlia-
 " mentary Interest, mind nothing but par-
 " liamentary Interest: What will you do
 " for us, my Lord, if I send him back as
 " you mention?"

"Do for you," says the Earl, "what every honest Man can in honour do for another."

"Will you vote for the *German* Subsidies?" says the Great Man.

"My Lord, must I prostitute my Honour, and renounce the Welfare of my Country, to prevail on you to do Justice, and serve your King and Nation? Pray, my Lord, from what Part of my Conduct could you suggest me capable of such base dishonourable Actions?"

"Tis our Way, — our Way, my Lord, always ask what they can do for us," says the Great Man, "before we grant Favours."

"Thus then," replied the Earl, "to serve you, to ruin our Country, and obtain Favour at your Hands, are the same Things. Believe me, my Lord, my Interest, indeed it is but small, shall be constantly exerted to oppose your Ad—n, which is so avowedly open and destructive to the Welfare of this Kingdom."

Saying this, he left the Great Man, who paid

paid no great Attention to the Expression, being sure of a Majority in all he should design, and as much at ease about what should befall his Country, as about a Revolution in the Inhabitants of Saturn, or the coming of the next Comet.

C H A P. XCVI.

Cannassatego's Distress relieved by Lord and Lady Liberal; he describes his Reception at the Great Man's; recovers Spirits; is presented with Gifts for Yarico. Lady Susan Overstay's Inclination, Conversation, and Disappointment; all in a short Time laid before the Reader.

THE Earl then being fully satisfied with the Designs, Knowledge, and ministerial Capacity of the Great Man, entertaining the highest Indignation for such a Soul, and such Behaviour, endeavoured to soothe *Cannassatego* into the best Opinion that he possibly could of the *English* Nation; he presented him with all he liked, in Dress and Arms; and the Countess, who was no Stranger to the Influence of Love on

N 4

the

the human Heart, from what she felt on her own, prepared a thousand Presents for *Yarico*.

SHE then brought them to the *Indian* Prince, and said, "My Friend, my dear
" Deliverer, it is impossible, for any thing
" that I can do, to make you amends, or
" express the Gratitude I owe you: As a
" Mark of everlasting Esteem, I desire you
" will present, in my Name, these Habits,
" and these Ornaments, to your lovely
" *Yarico*; let these adorn her Person, her
" Soul from your Description needs no
" Ornament, the Day she makes you the
" happiest of Men."

SHE then gave the *Indian* Chief great Variety of ornamental Presents, amongst which was his own Picture in Miniature, which Lady *Liberal* had procured a Person to paint without *Cannassatego's* being acquainted with it. This mounted, and united to a Bracelet, the Countess presented him, in saying, "This, as the most acceptable of all Gifts, which I can offer
" her you love, I desire you will present
" to *Yarico*, and beseech her to wear it for
" my Sake, in grateful Remembrance of
" him who preserved me from what I
" dread worse than Death."

CANNAS-

CANNASSATEGO looking on his own Image, and hearing these Words, enraptured with the Gratitude of the Countess, and the Thoughts of Love and *Yarico*, exclaimed, "I do not yet repent my Voyage to this Land, *Probit* and *Lydia* have erased my Anguish; will ye teach your Virtues to this People? for your Sakes I will endeavour to moderate that Resentment which burns within my Bosom against them." Then taking the Countess's Hand, and looking with all possible Gratitude in her Face, he said, "if e'er my Feet again shall tread the *Onnondagan* Soil, beside the Silver Stream, beneath the hollowed Rock, once the Abode of Bliss, sweet Shelter to my Love and me, whilst on the top-most Branches of the Pine, which wave and murmur to the gentle Winds, Stock-doves and Turtles cooing through the Grove, there will I count to *Yarico* the Love, the Virtue, of the happiest Pair which dwells on *European* Lands."

CANNASSATEGO being thus treated and distinguished, and the Time of his Return settled, seemed to enjoy new Life, gay as the mounting Lark that sings his grateful

Matins to the Power that tunes the Voice
of Nature.

DURING this time of his Abode with the Earl, there was a female Visiter known by the Name of Lady *Susan Overstay*; she had always, contrary to the Opinion of most, (being deceived by the Glass of Self love, which she constantly carried about her, and only consulted) considered herself as a Beauty of the highest Rank; this had induced her to stay too long at Market, by which means, being a little fly-blown, she remained upon Hands.

HER Education had been intirely according to the present modish Taste, being kept with the strictest Attention during her Youth to the Study of Cards, learning to speak a little *French*, and adorning her own Person; her Conversation consisted of Play-knowledge: After every Hand at Cards was disposed of, she constantly showed how it might have been played better by her Partner, a Circumstance of no small Solace to those who generate Spleen, and love to vent it against Strangers, rather than be idle, and unentertain'd; which Consideration has undoubtedly made this Pass-time extremely acceptable to old Maids, who love to amuse

amuse themselves in the Practice of that
Politeness.

LADY *Susan*, disappointed of a Husband who answered to her Expectations, notwithstanding determined that her Pride should not get the better of her Pleasure; she therefore being past the Danger of betraying at the End of nine Months the Frolic she might have been committing in the Beginning, had, with great Prudence and Secrecy, spared to some particular humble Friends, what she sorely lamented the having so long preserved; Maidenheads, like Mince pies, being apt to grow musty by keeping. This Lady, being a distant Relation of Lord *Liberal's*, sometimes visited his Countess.

It happened one Day, being at the Earl's, Lady *Susan* cast her Eyes rather a little too wagishly on the Person of the *Indian* Prince; she observed, with some Satisfaction, the elegant Form of his Limbs, and that Activity and Vigor with which they were animated: At which Time a Thought slipped into her Bosom not very unnatural at the Sight of a handsome Fellow, which was no less than that of making Experiments on the Difference of Nations in Feats of Love; and who can blame this Propensity to natural

ral Philosophy, so rarely found in the female Part of our Sex?

THE Devil an Inch of her was grown old in Desire, her Passion rather increasing with her Wrinkles; and whatever she wanted in Beauty, by the Roses falling from her Cheeks, nipt by the Hoar-frost of St. *Bartholomew*, she happily supplied by the sublimest of all Inventions, the true *Parisian Red*.

THIS Lady, influenced by the Person of the *Indian Prince*, fell into Conversation, and expressed a Desire of seeing him at her House.

THE Earl of *Liberal*, who overheard this Overture of Lady *Susan*, and guessed at her Intention, being also perfectly convinced of *Cannassatego's* Chastity, encouraged him to visit Lady *Susan*; he imagined a Scene not a little diverting might be the Consequence of this Invitation.

THE Prince being prevailed on by the Earl, waited on this Lady whom we have just mentioned; and sending up his Name, found an easy Admittance and chearful Reception, though she was then at her Toilet.

CANNAS-
LAT VOY

CANNASSATEGO entering the Room, Lady Susan from her Toilet, cried, "Bon jour mon Prince," concluding he understood *French* because he was a Foreigner.

WHEN recollecting after receiving no Answer, that an *Indian* might possibly be a *German* Prince, and not speak *French*, and that he spoke *English*, she bid them put a Chair, and said, "Good-morning to your Royal Highness; I ask Pardon," says Lady Susan, "but at first I thought you understood *French*, as I imagined *India* lay in *France*, till upon Recollection I remember it lies in *Germany*; one sees the News-papers eternally cramm'd with Stuff about our Disputes in the *Indies*, which made me conclude it lies in *Germany*, as the *German* Interest has lately taken up all our Attention, as my Lord Steaditon acquaints me; I never mind Politics myself."

"But pray is not your Royal Highness Prince of *Wales* in *India*?"

"No, Madam," answered Cannassatego, "I am not."

"Your

"Your Royal Highness is not the eldest
 "Son of your Father then perhaps?" says
 Lady Susan.

"Yes, Madam, I am."

"How is that then?" she replied, "the
 "eldest Son of a King" (for she imagined
 his Father was a Crown'd-head) "not Prince
 "of *Wales!* in *England* the eldest Son is
 "born Prince of *Wales.*"

"MADAM," says the *Indian*, "no Man
 "can be born a Prince in our Country;
 "Courage and Wisdom, the Love of our
 "Families and Country, and the Service
 "we render them; Virtues of the Mind,
 "and Powers of the Body, create Princes in
 "our Nations; these only give us Autho-
 "rity and Esteem amongst *Indians.*"

"WHAT no Consideration to the greatest
 "Families, and best Blood?" says Lady
 Susan, "You never chuse a King from the
 "Rabble, surely?"

"MADAM, Family creates no Distinction
 "but by its Acts of Wisdom and Valour;
 "the Son, unequal to the Father's Glory,
 "links to Disgrace, and Blood knows no
 "Honours.

“ Honours but what Virtue bequeaths it,
 “ high and low, noble and ignoble, find
 “ no Distinction from Birth; where mental
 “ and bodily Qualities are found superior,
 “ that Man gains Authority over our
 “ Hearts, the Good he does his Country
 “ is rewarded by Glory and Esteem; such
 “ are our *Indian* Manners and Ideas.”

“ INDEED,” says Lady *Susan*, “ they are
 “ extremely strange, the quite contrary is
 “ the Thing in *England*, we all depend
 “ upon Blood, we mind nothing but Birth;
 “ but pray will your Royal Highness have
 “ the Goodness to tell me whether the
 “ Ladies at your Court use hard or soft
 “ Pomatum, or whether grey Powder is
 “ yet in Fashion amongst them when they
 “ dress; I fancy they know nothing of it.”
 This she said, surveying herself in the Glass,
 whilst her Abigail was employed in dressing
 her Hair.

“ WE know nothing of either, Madam,
 “ our Women anoint their Hair with Bear’s-
 “ grease only,” says the *Indian* Prince.

“ BEAR’s grease, O—h hideous,” with
 a Shriek and an Air, “ Ladies of the Court
 “ wear Bear’s grease, pray will their Gal-
 “ lants come near them when they smell
 “ of

“ of Bear’s-grease ; but your Royal High-
 “ ness rallies me, it is impossible that
 “ Ladies of Quality can go to Operas,
 “ Plays, Ridottas, Routs, and Courts,
 “ with their Heads dawb’d with Bear’s-
 “ grease.” Then without stopping for an
 Answer, “ Are your Father’s Subjects fond
 “ of these Entertainments ?”

“ No, Madam, we know nothing of them,
 “ War and Hunting make the Study and
 “ Exercise of our Youth, Wisdom and Vir-
 “ tue those of old Age ; our wise Men re-
 “ count the Actions and Observations of
 “ themselves and their Fore-fathers, the
 “ Young listen, admire, and improve.

“ Our Women are busied in domestic
 “ Affairs, or employed in suckling or sus-
 “ taining their Progeny,” says the *Indian*.

“ Oh fye ! Ladies of Quality nurse their
 “ own Children, why does it not absolute-
 “ ly spoil their Necks ? We never suckle
 “ our Children in *England*. And no Cards,”
 says Lady *Susan*, “ how is it possible to live
 “ without Cards ?” Then to her Woman,
 looking in the Glass, “ *Whitelock* you have
 “ put on my Egret awry—so, very well—
 “ how do I look to-day ?” “ Charmingly,
 “ Madam,” says the truth-telling Mrs.
Whitelock.

Whitelock. “Pray have the *Indian Ladies* “fine Complexions?” continued *Lady Susan* to the Chief.

“INDEED,” replied the Prince, “your “Ladyship approaches the nearest of all “the Ladies I have seen in *England* to the “Complexion of our *Indian Women*.”

THIS Answer was received very courteously by *Lady Susan*, and replied to, by saying, “your Royal Highness is extremely “polite.”

INDEED what *Cannassatego* had said was very true also, *Lady Susan* being a very olive Beauty, if she was a Beauty at all.

THUS in tittle-tattle an Hour passed away with *Lady Susan Overstay*, when being dressed, and her Woman withdrawn, she asked if the Court of his Father was much addicted to Gallantry, smiling in the *Indian's* Face with a lascivious Leer, throwing herself on the Sopha, and desiring the Prince to sit near her.

“No, Madam,” answered *Cannassatego*, “Love being uninfluenced by the pernicious Esteem amongst our Nations, which “is given to Gold in this, we chuse from “the

"the pure Dictates of Nature, where Souls
 "correspond to Souls, and live happy in
 "each others Arms."

"THAT is, your Royal Highness means
 "the common People do; but your great
 "Men and Ladies of Quality have not
 "such odd Ideas I presume; they surely
 "have Intrigues amongst them; I dare
 "say many of the Maids of Honour of
 "your Queen-mother have been happily
 "carress'd in those fine Arms of yours,"
 says Lady Susan, "have they not?" taking
 him by the Hand.

CANNASSATEGO then looking upon her
 with Contempt, told her he had never yet
 violated his Chastity; his whole Heart had
 been, and should be ever reserved for his
 lovely *Yarico*; "absent or present I am
 "her's alone."

"Poor Man," says Lady Susan, "I
 "warrant you would not go to bed to a
 "fine Lady, lest *Yarico* should know it,
 "hah, hah, hah," squeezing his Hand in
 the Laugh, and looking amourosly upon
 him.

"No, Madam, Beauty has no Powers
 "on me. Adieu." At which Words, draw-

ing away his Hand suddenly, he left her in great Indignation; when Lady Susan for her Soul could not conceive what was come over the Man; "Surely," says she, "he can be no Prince, he knows so little of the Manners of the best Company."

CANNASSATEGO returned to the Earl's, when recounting what had passed between him and Lady Susan with much Resentment, he afforded no little Diversion to the Earl; Lady *Liberal*, drooping her Head, was ashamed that Nature had made such Women.

End of the Third Volume.